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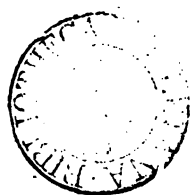
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REV^D IRWINE WHITTY.

Rector of Golden.

H. Marun. Eng.

A
SELECTION
OF
LETTERS AND MEDITATIONS,

BY
THE REV. IRWINE WHITTY,
LATE RECTOR OF GOLDEN.

SECOND EDITION.



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P R E F A C E.

THIS little volume is chiefly intended for those who revere the memory of its most admirable author: it will afford them at once consolation and improvement, to revive the image of that pure and beautiful piety, which rendered him an object of veneration and love to all who came within the circle of his acquaintance.

To have seen and known such a Christian is a reason for humility and for thankfulness. Nothing in this world is more deeply impressive, than the sight of one whose soul is pervaded by a heavenly principle, which influences every word and work; yet nothing more encouraging than to perceive, that the will of God is not grievous, that the yoke of Christ is light and easy, and that a height of Christian excellence may be attained, where faith

and love are not occasional visitants, but make their dwelling in the heart ; and the body is so subdued to the soul, that the bitterness of perpetual struggle is exchanged for a peaceful, but ever-watchful tranquillity. Nay, such examples as these are calculated to inspire high confidence in the promises and the hidden providence of God. They teach us, that of a truth He is still among us ; that his infinite grace is not withdrawn from a sinful world ; that even in times, when nations once again desire to break asunder the bonds of God and of his Anointed, the hand of the Most High is stretched forth to protect his own cause, amidst trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy. He who revives in these latter days the faith and love of the first times—He is still with us, according to his gracious promise, and therefore will we not fear.

The author of these Letters and Meditations was the eldest son of a venerated clergyman of the same name, whose con-

PREFACE.

v

scientious labours for more than fifty years in his parish of Kilrush, county Clare, merit the general respect which they have obtained, and who was enabled, by his deeply-rooted religion, to survive the death of that excellent son. His grandfather was Archdeacon Edward Whitty; his mother, a pious and excellent woman, was Mary, daughter of Captain John Hill, of Westmeath. He was born on the thirtieth of November, 1778, and was educated at home by his father, with the aid of a private tutor. Even in his boyhood he was distinguished by principles and qualities the most valuable and pleasing; he was ever dutiful and affectionate to his parents, and diligent in the discharge of all his duties; indeed, he was looked on by his play-fellows as a model of virtue and rectitude; and yet while he dissuaded them from every species of wrong conduct, he was beloved by all; for his heart was glowing with warm affection, and his spirits were lively and full

of gladness. So that from his earliest days he was a preacher of righteousness among his brethren, alike beloved and respected by them, and growing in the favour of God and man.

And from this course of early rectitude he never swerved. No dark cloud of error and guilt passed across his course, and left the traces of misery and destruction on his soul—no wintry blast chilled the vigour and healthiness of his growth in grace; but, like some fair tree planted in a rich soil, and in a sheltered inclosure, he brought forth fruit to perfection. It is this which, in some degree, accounts for the peculiar temperament of his piety, which was serene and pure, unsullied by enthusiasm, undisturbed by vehemence, but ascending as it were on the wings of an angel to contemplate and adore the perfections of God.

Thus, full of wisdom, the young man passed from his parents' roof into the temptations of a wider sphere: but surely

there was never less reason for apprehension than in his case, and the hopes which were justly conceived of him were in no respect disappointed. He was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, in November, 1793, when he was fifteen years of age; his tutor was Dr. Stopford, fellow of Trinity College, for whom he always entertained the greatest respect and affection. His progress in literature and science was distinguished, and afforded high gratification to his friends; in fact, he obtained every premium and certificate in the course of quarterly examinations, except on one occasion, when he was prevented by illness; and, in 1796, he was a successful candidate at the examination for scholarships.

His own conduct and feelings, during his academical course, are alluded to with his usual humility, in a letter written many years afterwards to a young friend who had lately entered College. "Even at such a distance," he said, "I look, I might

“ almost say, with horror at what I suffered from anxiety about the attainment of College premiums ; and without meaning to say there was not much right intention concerning them, I can now distinctly see how much that was inferior, both in view and feeling, combined with the effort and the enjoyment ; and I can most truly state, that, whatever advantages the gracious Providence, who so kindly conducts his most undeserving servant, through a very considerably lengthened course of life, has made to arise more immediately from my own instrumentality, have been connected with, and made principally to depend upon, regular perseverance, laborious study, steady exertion, and systematic diligence.”

The steady consistency of his conduct in College was, indeed, remarkable ; and the right intentions to which he alludes in the preceding passage, were chiefly connected with a desire to afford gratification

to his parents. This was shewn in a pleasing manner on one occasion, when he called his two younger brothers, who were also in College, and proposed that all three should endeavour to obtain premiums at the next examinations, in order to give pleasure to their excellent parents. They read, accordingly, with uncommon assiduity, and, when the examinations came, Irwine succeeded. Edward also obtained his premium ; and John was in high spirits, having surpassed all his competitors ; but two hours of examination still remained, and he left his brother's rooms to proceed towards the examination-hall. In a few minutes a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and he returned, more dead than alive ;—he had been too late—the door was shut. Irwine was an invaluable guide and friend to his younger brothers, who entered College shortly after he did, and who also obtained scholarships and other academical distinctions ; but while he was ever wise and diligent and virtuous, he

possessed an exceeding liveliness and good-nature, that attracted, and won for him, the friendship of many estimable young men. Amongst these were Mr. Sandes, afterwards fellow of Trinity College, and the present bishops of Limerick and Cork, whose friendship he always retained, and greatly prized. Indeed his heart was full of affection, and no man ever was more grateful for any kindness, or more ready to discharge each office of benevolence, in word, in deed, or in Christian sympathy, which "rejoices with them that do rejoice, " and weeps with them that weep."

He took his degree in the year 1798, and immediately commenced the course of arduous study, which was to qualify him as a candidate for a fellowship. He spent most of his time in Dublin; but during the vacations he resorted to Killesandra, in the county Cavan, where he enjoyed the aid and advice of that great and learned doctor, William Hales, who had married his father's sister, and who delighted much

in his society. No vacancy however occurred for a considerable time, and Mr. Whitty's health (never very strong) was unable to support the continual study which it was necessary to undergo. He had become acquainted at Doctor Hales's with the Right Reverend Charles Brodrick, then bishop of Kilmore, who was shortly afterwards translated to the archbishoprick of Cashel; and this admirable prelate, who always desired to collect around the altar ministers of piety and wisdom, soon perceived the virtues of Mr. Whitty, and requested him to enter the sacred ministry without further delay, and place himself under his superintendence and protection.

Thus commenced a friendship which was only interrupted by death—a friendship cemented by the unison of heavenly principles and thoughts, by many acts of gracious kindness and confidence on the one part, and of reverential affection on the other. To the archbishop indeed he looked, as to a father, with sentiments

which he could not himself describe ; and the following pages will shew that, even when death had separated them, the memory of his sainted friend was ever continually present to improve and comfort his soul.

No vacant cure was at that time found in the diocese of Cashel, and therefore Mr. Whitty was ordained to the curacy of Killesandra, where he continued for a short time. Doctor Hales examined his nephew before ordination—an examination which was commenced in a manner the most edifying and solemn. “Dear, venerated Doctor Hales !” he says in one of his letters, “still I cannot forget your making me kneel down with you in that library, where you were perpetually ‘given to the study of God’s holy word, to ask the Divine direction and blessing upon the examination of the unworthy candidate for holy orders. Perhaps I may in other worlds be permitted to express my sacred love and reverence for

“ his religious instructions and directions,
“ and to adore the wisdom that forms such
“ links in the upholding of his Church be-
“ low.” In 1804 he was appointed to a
curacy in the diocese of Cashel, where he
married Marianne, daughter of Henry Pal-
mer, archdeacon of Ossory; and before
long was removed to the curacy of Cashel,
with a small preferment annexed. He was
now continually in the society of his re-
vered friend, who gave him an unlimited
command of his purse and cellar for the
poor people of that town; and he was
associated in the service of the cathedral,
and in familiar intercourse with his friend
Mr. Jebb, afterwards bishop of Limerick,
with Mr. Woodward, and other clergymen
of piety and learning, whose character had
been their only recommendation to the
archbishop’s notice.

In 1812 he was presented to the bene-
fice of Glankeen, situated on the side of
mountains, and not many miles from
Cashel, where he spent four happy years

in the diligent discharge of all his sacred duties, and in the cultivation of his mind and heart. He occasionally visited the archbishop and other friends, and his own hospitable door was open to many relatives and friends, who received delight and edification from his society. He loved exceedingly this retired place, where he lived in a house embosomed in trees, and beheld from his terrace-walk the distant and rich plains of Tipperary; but he was made peculiarly happy by the good disposition of his parishioners, who were a more orderly and peaceable race than the inhabitants of the valley; and he preached the word of God to a congregation whose numbers were sufficient to afford him the most interesting and delightful occupation.

In 1816 the archbishop wished him to accept the rectory of Golden, the income of which was twice as great as that of Glankeen; but he was so much attached to his parish, and so little desirous of in-

creased possessions, that he refused it twice, and was only prevailed on at last by the representations of his friends and the desire of the good archbishop. He was now only four miles from Cashel, and was of course brought once more into the frequent society of his venerated friend ; but the country in which he lived was full of lawless turbulence and disorder. When he first arose in the morning to pay his devotions to the Author of our being, the objects that met his eyes were the bodies of assassins, which hung on gibbets and were swinging in the wind ; and he has more than once pointed to a spot on the road, from whence were visible the very scenes of several atrocious and bloody crimes. Such things were at times most painful to a mind of such exquisite feeling as his ; but he had a consolation from above, and in the midst of danger, and often on the threshold of death, he lived a happy man.

His life from this time forward was but

little varied, and presents very few remarkable incidents. He continually seemed to grow more excellent, more humble, more pure, more free from all earthly feeling, more habitually devoted to the contemplation and love of God. His treasure was indeed in heaven, and his heart was there also. The praises of his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, were ever in his mouth; and his continual endeavour was to draw others into the service and love of God. He possessed a peculiar happy facility, beyond almost any other man, of making religion delightful, and of representing it, even to the youthful mind, in all those natural colours of exquisite beauty and glory, which the sin and darkness of the flesh prevent us from beholding. He won men to love religion by the holy earnestness and affection of his manner, and the joyful sweetness of his pure and animated countenance, which was as it had been the face of an angel. He interested the imagination and the feelings by the

variety and beauty of his thoughts and illustrations, clothed in language which was often full of glowing eloquence and power. This uncommon charm of conversation was perhaps the greatest talent he possessed, and it really was surprising how he managed to introduce subjects of religious and edifying discourse without hurting the taste or wearying the attention of any one present. But he was also pre-eminently useful as a spiritual guide and counsellor. His experimental knowledge of the human heart, his own advanced growth in Christian holiness, his nature and profound knowledge of all the parts of devotion and all the aids towards it, and his fine perception of the feelings and characters of others, enabled him to advise and help them forwards in the path of life, and to afford consolation and encouragement under all the afflictions, trials, and perplexities, which beset the Christian in his course.

But this excellent man was to be still

further purified by affliction before he departed from this world. In 1822 he went to Dublin to attend the death-bed of his beloved and revered friend the archbishop, and with unspeakable feelings ministered at his last hour in those solemn offices of the Church, which aid the struggling spirit in its departure to Abraham's bosom. In 1829 a grievous and lingering illness deprived him of his eldest son, whom he most deeply loved, and to whom he alludes in more than one of the letters in this collection, in a manner most touching and beautiful.

The disturbed state of the country has been already referred to. The clergy had, for many years, been exposed to difficulties, which occasionally reduced them to great distress, and combinations had, at various times, been entered into for the purpose of depriving them of their property; but in 1831 the storm of hostility and persecution arose with unprecedented violence. In October Mr. Whitty wrote to a confiden-

tial friend, as follows. Having referred to a valuable clergyman, who had been driven into exile by the murderous threats of his parishioners, he proceeds: "I will not despair of yet seeing him, when this tyranny is overpast, proving the advantage and blessing to ——, which I think he is calculated to be. I got but one threatening notice, (murderous of course,) and that the unhappy beings chose to put up on the church door, against we were going to the happy service on Sunday some weeks ago. I am most thankful to say nothing came from it, and, with the aid of the police standing aloof, I got the parish valued without any conflict, and individually I think we meet the same civility as usual. We try to go on inoffensively, and you know my plan of still going on, dropping small drops of oil, if possible, in, I trust, unfeigned kindness and good-will, on every spot of the troubled surface around that will receive it; with constant prayers to

“ the God and Preserver of peace to give
“ unity, peace, and concord, and bring into
“ the way of truth all such as have erred
“ and are deceived.—It would rather sur-
“ prise you how kindly the Romanists
“ here receive religious suggestions from
“ me, on any fit opportunity, and even are
“ pleased with visits at their houses some-
“ times, independent of receiving relief,
“ when offered religious consolation in
“ their distress. I know too well the ar-
“ tifice one should guard against ; but I
“ cannot mistake the sort of cordially-
“ respectful manner with which I am after-
“ wards met by those, with whom I have
“ had any religious intercourse, (but I
“ should add, *wholly* free from contro-
“ versy ; and even by some I have thought
“ myself bound to call upon to rebuke pri-
“ vately for drunkenness or profaneness,
“ which could not properly be blamed or
“ advised about at the time of the offence.
“ You will not imagine I am representing
“ anything wonderful accomplished, in this

“ age of wonderful sayings and doings ;
“ but telling you a little about myself in
“ this strange sojourn.—Great is the press
“ upon the mind and feelings—the ground
“ always seems hollow beneath—but may
“ we not trust to see many of ‘ those evils
“ which the craft and subtilty of the devil
“ or man worketh against us, brought to
“ nought, and by the providence of Divine
“ goodness (that most lovely assemblage of
“ operations) dispersed ?”

Such were the labours of the holy man, and such his consolations in the midst of terrors. He walked in peace towards God and man, and his soul was not shaken or dismayed by any of these things. The spirit of lawless combination against the Church had now spread into his neighbourhood, and as there were nearly two years’ income due from his parishioners, he was obliged at last to take steps for the purpose of obtaining support for his family ; but Providence designed for him a better inheritance ; and the man who lived

the life of a saint was to be crowned with the death of a martyr.

On the twenty-fifth of January, 1832, he had celebrated Divine service in his church, to honour the memory of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and had written the last letter in this collection, when he walked forth to visit a sick parishioner. He went in the fearlessness of faith and innocence—alone—no friend to protect him but the Almighty—no arms but the word of God, which he carried with him. The work of charity was done, and he was returning homewards, and had come within view of his own house ; but that evening the blessed saint was in paradise. The death of St. Stephen was once more beheld by angels from heaven—again the earth was stained with the blood of the righteous and innocent—and another soul was added to the number of those that were slain for the word of God.

Thus died this incomparable Christian, or rather thus was he born again to im-

mortal life; "and," to adopt the language of an excellent prelate, who long knew and loved him, "we may rest assured, that " hereafter he will shine forth as the sun, " in the kingdom of his everlasting Father, when many great ones of the earth " shall shrink into obscure and dimensionless oblivion."

The following sketch of Mr. Whitty's character, by a pious and eminent clergyman who had long been intimate with him, is at once so just and so beautiful, that it is impossible to avoid introducing it in this place.

" Mr. Whitty was what, in the very " best days of the Church, would have been " considered a genuine portrait, and happy " exemplification of the character of a " Christian pastor. His habits, his disposition, his religious views, and the peculiar temperament of his piety, were precisely suited to the office of a parish minister. The crowded meeting and " commanding platform (much as he loved

“ and honoured those who pleaded for his
“ Master there) were nevertheless not his
“ element. His study, his home, and his
“ parish, these were the scenes most congenial to his calm and heavenly mind.
“ In his study he conversed with his Bible,
“ with his own heart, and with that God
“ in whose bosom he now reposes.

“ Mr. Whitty was in his family the
“ most amiable of human beings. It was
“ his constant study to win the affections
“ of its several members, in order that he
“ might draw their minds by the gentlest
“ cords into all the good he wished them.
“ In forbearance and patience with the
“ frailties of those around him, he was
“ perhaps unequalled; and such was his
“ constant flow of Christian cheerfulness,
“ that he could shed throughout the domestic circle that truly innocent gaiety,
“ so often talked of and so seldom found.

“ In the wider circle of his parish and
“ neighbourhood, Mr. Whitty was precisely what a clergyman ought to be.

“ To his superiors he had the happiest
“ art of making his office acceptable. He
“ had an unfeigned respect for every ordi-
“ nance of God. His deference to rank
“ was the result of true humility, and a
“ full contentment with his own estate;
“ easy and affectionate in his address, be-
“ cause he loved their souls, he neverthe-
“ less was faithful and undaunted in plac-
“ ing before the great the high responsibi-
“ lities with which they are entrusted, and
“ in charging them, where necessary, with
“ their negligences and crimes.

“ To his equals, it is needless to repeat,
“ what this faithful pastor appeared, for
“ he was precisely the same to them as
“ to his own family. But this could oc-
“ casion no offensive freedom; for to his
“ domestic circle he always preserved the
“ most perfect politeness. But it was in
“ his intercourse with the poor that this
“ meek and charitable man most resembled
“ his Divine Master. His fine talents, his
“ fertile imagination, and delightful man-

“ners, shone forth as if in their native
“element, when surrounded by the little
“ones of the lowest of his flock. He was
“all life and exhilaration when he spoke
“to them. What he was in scenes which
“others shun, in the abodes of destitution
“and in the house of mourning, will best
“be known upon that day when all secrets
“are disclosed—that day of triumph
“to the friend of the fatherless and the
“husband of the widow.”

The reader will remember that the following Letters and Meditations were never designed for publication by their author, and he will therefore make allowances for faults of style, which, in some cases, it would have been easy to remove, but which a regard for the original has permitted to remain.

W. PALMER.

“ Who is there, that has seen a true Christian, in his life
“ and his death ? Who, that has seen the holy calm that
“ sheds itself over that soul, where grace has triumphed over
“ passion, where envy, and hatred, and pride, are sounds un-
“ known ? Who, that has seen the bright and holy glow of
“ devotion diffused over the countenance ? Who, that has
“ heard the fervid accents of a Christian prayer ? Who, that
“ knows the joy of a Christian’s communion with his Maker,
“ the devout aspirations of a soul which is the temple of the
“ Holy Spirit, adorned and sanctified by his best and richest
“ gifts and graces ? Who, that has seen the Christian struggling
“ with the storms of life,—though cast down, not destroyed ;
“ though perplexed, not in despair ; submitting, with humble
“ resignation, to the correction of his heavenly Father ; and
“ gathering the peaceable fruits of righteousness, from the seed
“ which was sown in tribulation and tears ? ”

Rose’s Christianity Progressive.

LETTERS

TO

SEVERAL FRIENDS.

I.

TO A LADY^a.

Golden, December 5, 1821.

MY DEAR MRS. ———

I TAKE to myself the pleasure of saying, that after having been very ill, and suffering a great deal of pain, I am now, thank God, so much better, as to think of going down stairs this evening. While we greatly lament the agitation you have all lately experienced, in the rushing along of the turbid stream of worldly affairs, we cannot but look with satisfaction to a cheering hope of the subsiding of the troubled waters into a clearer, though

^a Written in consequence of a reverse of fortune, which had involved her family in serious difficulties.

B

perhaps more contracted stream, in whose tranquil surface you may see, I trust, the fair face of the heavens more distinctly reflected. I am aware there must have been a peculiar species of mortification felt under the late distressing transactions; but these we may be sure are exactly the kind of processes, which, if humbly received, and viewed in their right bearing, will unfailingly produce the results *in* us and *for* us, which probably and shortly here, and certainly in eternity, we shall acknowledge to have been most needed, and to be most incalculably beneficial.

The world we cannot as Christians consistently deny to be one of the great, (and, let us remember,) all-surrounding enemies, with which we have to contend; and we must be little concerned in that struggle, if we have not felt that it is most dangerous, when it assumes the shape of public opinion, and goads us with the imagination of what people (no matter of what description) may say and think about

our affairs, our plans, our intentions. Can we better realize our blessed Lord's description of his faithful followers, "Ye are "not of this world," than when we are brought to feel a calm, yet not sour, nor proud indifference to its opinions; and so love what *is true*, that we are not distressed by a true statement of our circumstances, when brought about by events, in which the religious mind will always recognise, or at least allow, the regulations of Providence? May we not call *any* worldly circumstances favourable under which our saving and eternal interests are really advancing? Those must be very thoughtless indeed, whom the present state of society in these quarters does not make thoughtful. The heart sickens at the recollection of the scene of a whole family burned to death^b. There is an evident absence of a practical fear of God; and it is for every one of us to consider, how

^b The massacre of the family of the Sheas, in the county Kilkenny, is here alluded to.

far we are individually endeavouring to restore it amongst those with whom we are in contact, in our various relations of life. The state of alarm and insecurity has some tendency to excite or invigorate this fear of God, the only real preventive of crime, as the love of God is the only sure support of good. The state of the lower orders is lamentable. Most surely "destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known." "There is no fear of God before their eyes."

We have reason to be most thankful we have hitherto been quiet in this immediate quarter, but will any of us say we deserve it? Happily it is not on this our manifold blessings depend. I know how entirely we agree in this. Believe me, with the united affection of this whole family, for all and each of yours, your most faithful and affectionate Friend, as you permit me to call myself,

I. W.

II.

TO THE HON. MRS. M.

Golden, May 23, 1822.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN AND MRS. M.

THE most painful reflection to me, in not adopting your most kind plan for my health and comfort^c, is the fear that I may not seem sufficiently sensible to the tender feeling in your suggesting, and Miss F. B. falling in with, this to me most tempting scheme; and which I have, with the utmost difficulty and on the most serious consideration, been induced to give up. But I may say every difficulty lies in the way; some of them indeed I could get over, and should think myself more than repaid for every exertion, by the opportunity of enjoying the society, and more closely cultivating the friendship, of those whom I do and ought so much to love and value, and whom late events have connected with reflections and re-

^c They had invited him to travel with them to Cheltenham, for the benefit of his health.

collections, which always lead my mind beyond the concerns of this world. You know the deserted state of this unhappy country ; though at present free, I thank our merciful God, from the presence of famine, some exertion must be necessary to meet the distresses of the poor ; and, besides the discredit to the Church of deserting my clerical post under existing circumstances, I could not reconcile it to my conscience and my feelings, on the calmest and most rational view of the matter, to deprive the poor of even whatever little exertion I may be enabled to make, if necessary, on their behalf.

I have hardly ever exercised more self-denial than in refusing to adopt your plan, the kindness of which delights and cheers me whenever I reflect upon it. It has been my strange lot, through a life in which innumerable and undeserved mercies and bounties have been received, to be continually indebted to the kindest friends, without the possibility of making

any return, but expressing, as I do now with a full heart, the deepest feeling of their kindness and tenderness. I am surely taught humility in this manner by the gentlest process; and I sometimes venture to hope that another world will afford the opportunity of convincing many, and yourselves among the rest, that their affectionate solicitude for me was not unfelt, and was at least answered by every good wish that even that other world can suggest. This is a solemn and deeply interesting reflection, whenever I think (and when do I not think?) of your venerated parent, "who has so passed through the "waves of this troublesome world as "finally to come to the land of everlasting life;" whose tenderness, gentleness, and friendly solicitude leave the deepest feelings of obligation on the minds of those who had the rare felicity of being admitted to his closer society, as was my happy lot. I shall ever think it one of the happiest circumstances of my life, to

have learned a new lesson of the nothingness of the world at his peaceful death-bed, to have for a little supported his honoured head, and conducted his precious remains to the grave. In this instance we feel "that we sorrow not as those who have no hope," as "we believe that Jesus died and rose again:" looking to the coming of our Lord with faith and humble hope, it is our great comfort, "that those also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and to all such considerations how powerfully do the Apostle's words apply, "The time is short"—short indeed, until "this world and the fashion of it shall have passed away;" until "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed;" until the "blessed children of our heavenly Father shall be called by the Son of man on the throne of his glory, to inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world." Can we re-

frain to add, in the almost superhuman language of the invaluable Liturgy of our catholic and apostolic Church, "Grant " this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, " through Jesus Christ our Mediator and " Redeemer?" Ever, with wishes for your and your son's welfare and happiness, bounded neither by place nor time, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

IRWINE WHITTY.

III.

TO HIS COUSIN, MRS. W. P.

Golden, December 14, 1822.

SISTER DEAR,

DID I write to you since you told me of W. getting a premium? Few things of the kind could have pleased me more than our dear boy's success; but I confess it is peculiarly delightful to me, as he had not a private tutor, and will encourage him to that plan of exertion, without which neither real information in this world, nor

real training for the next, even with the greatest gifts and advantages, can be effectually secured. I know I have need of great indulgence from my friends, and most from those I really love most, and on whom I am therefore led to throw myself for my negligence in writing ; but in fact it is not negligence, as it certainly is not forgetfulness of them. The former charge would be repelled if fairly viewed, not perhaps by the multitude or greatness of the avocations, but by their being of a nature which makes it indispensable many of them (even under difficulties of health and spirits) should be done in the foremost place ; and by the tendency then to rest the mind altogether from exertion, after it has been harassed by action when disinclined to it. The constant communion I have in thought with my friends, the almost incessant intercourse with you, could it be known, would testify that I am not forgetful of those for whose affection I am indeed most grateful, and to none more than to your

dear self. That last word introduces *me*. My health, thank God, is not worse, but my ill-health affects my nerves and feelings, and mental power, and makes every exertion disagreeable. I feel myself bound to account to you for my proceedings, as I know you neither wish me to be very sick, nor very uncomfortable; yet I think I find it is good for me to be both. You must know I have regularly followed Dr. H.'s advice, though it has included much more of medical treatment than I should be disposed to wish for; and I constantly pay him a visit, to shew myself to him: and although he does not, like Dr. C., like me very well, yet I think he likes me better and better; and perhaps I must wait, until it pleases Him who has made and is renewing us, to give some turn to my constitution, that will make me less burdensome to myself, and less disagreeable, as I fear I must be, from the derangement of spirits, &c. to my friends—aye, even to you. But indeed it was not about me,

but my purse, you asked, Sister dear, what is that ? Some old-fashioned thing, I suppose, like a *fountain*, or a bell-hoop. From the manner you wrote, you may perhaps refer to something about old coins : and expect a sovereign, or a "*fippenny bit*," as people formerly did a Cæsar, or Queen Anne's farthing. Seriously, present circumstances are very extraordinary, and men are under the most serious difficulties ; yet such as a little turn in affairs would prove (as I trust) not to be irremediable. I have not been able to pay any of the different rents of glebe instalments, &c. due some months ago, amounting to 130*l.*, and other debts unavoidably incurred, and many called for, of at least an equal sum. Great self-denial, which I trust we are daily exercising, is called for ; daily bread, God be praised, is supplied ; creditors are not permitted to be severe. We are all, I thank God, in good health. The country seems to be quiet—the weather is just now uncommonly, and providentially for the

late sowing of corn, fine—provisions and fuel, by the Divine bounty, are not wanting to the poor. There is a reasonable probability that some considerable payments from solvent quarters will shortly be made to me; and we are all still, of God's infinite mercy and goodness, gifted with all the great means of present and eternal spiritual welfare. I think I hear it said to me, "Be still, then, and know that I am "God." Perhaps we are all now under some training, some salutary discipline, which is bringing our practical faith and every-day Christianity to the test, and infusing feelings and confidence, perhaps in such a state of society no other way to be effected. Now will be seen, now will those know, who wish really to profit and examine themselves, whether, having continually heard, and often expressly admired the theoretical beauty of parables and promises given by Truth and Love itself, they have adopted faithfully the principles which will enable them to hearken to the fellow-

Christian servant who calls, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;" whether they have learned, when having nothing else, to give "a cup of cold water" to the poor brother, because he is Christ's; whether "having food and raiment, we are therewith content;" whether they seek FIRST (as no doubt they have in some degree sought) "the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" whether they have cultivated a spirit of taking "no *thought*" beyond the necessary exertion actually connected with "the morrow;" whether God is rested on as "our hope and trust, a very present help in trouble;" and whether we are willing to cast all our care on Him, assured that He careth for us:—whether our aim has been in *prosperity* as well as in adversity, to "be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto God;" desiring supremely that "the peace of God may keep our hearts, through Jesus

“ Christ our Lord.” But why do I say *we*? I am sure I have not sufficiently exercised this faithful, unearthly, confiding, peaceful, benevolent spirit,—and it occurred to me this morning, that, as the horrid tumults and outrages of last year, through which (with deep humility and thankfulness be it acknowledged) the Author of peace and Lover of concord brought his weak and undeserving servants, put us in the way of attaining a more thorough conviction of our dependence on God, and cultivating the spirit of habitual reliance upon the “ providence of his goodness, to “ disperse and bring to nought those evils “ which the craft and subtilty of the Devil “ or man worketh against us:” so I am now put under a salutary discipline of “ taking no thought what I shall eat, or “ what I shall drink, or wherewithal I “ shall be clothed ;” which, if rightly used, will instruct me to seek the disposition which rests upon the assurance that “ my “ heavenly Father knoweth that I have

“need of all these things;”—which will teach me more tender feelings for the embarrassments and perplexities of others, more heartfelt and humble thankfulness to Him “who giveth us all things still richly to enjoy,” and more earnest seeking of “that joy which no man taketh from us.” I am now a seeker for indulgence, where I used to be called to grant it—the boast of exact punctuality is changed to the entreaty for forbearance—the honest intention is humbly appealed to, in place of the upright action; and fresh calls continually arise for forbearance, patience, self-denial, contentment, self-command, humility, meekness, and all those gentle, beauteous Christian graces, which must yet be our only possession. I have been interrupted just by an opportunity of exercising them, and I think I am confirmed, that my view of the matter is at least not very wrong.

I have written you a strange letter. I have only said all you know before; but

as I said, I am continually talking to you ; and the more beautiful any appearance of nature, the more delightful the passage in any book I read, the more valuable the person I converse with, the more serious and refreshing each religious sentiment and exercise, the more naturally and promptly I turn to my dear sister's society. What would I not give to hear your dear voice employed again in realizing Hooker's, the admirable Hooker's idea, of making them, when they think they *only hear* to learn ; for, after all even Mr. W. has said, and may say, I think I can be devout in a fine anthem, and in my sister's songs of Handel. Please God, we will meet again ; O, a deep feeling of eternal things seizes the mind, to think, God only knows where that meeting may be. *Here*, I trust, next summer.— In the courts of the Lord's house, when time shall be no more. This has been written through various impediments. I am sorry to testify my affection so ille-

gibly, but, longer than hand can write, or tongue can speak, I am, with the most sincere affection for you and yours, ever,

Dearest Sister, your most sincere
and affectionate, I. W.

Have you lost Mrs. B.? May I not say one of our most valued friends?

IV.

TO THE VISCOUNTESS B——

April 12, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR LADY B.

I CANNOT let an hour pass without at least writing *something* in answer to your letter, which I have just received; and which would gratify me as much as any kind and respected friend's letter I have ever read, only it does not contain the good account of your own health, which I must be always anxious to have. Knowing how constantly and affectionately the thoughts of my ever to be remembered friend must

dwell in your mind, I have often, since I heard of your not being so strong as usual, taken myself to task, lest I might have written in a manner that would make sad thoughts even more painfully recurrent and harassing to your spirits ; and I have been repeatedly thinking, and to my shame am convicted, of repeatedly deferring to write, to put you on your guard (since you allow me to write candidly) against encouraging, or rather dwelling upon recollections, which, though I know you would not connect them with repining, nor would cherish feelings leading to useless grief, might be weakening to your spirits, and perhaps unfit the mind for society and exertions, which He, that “ knows whereof we are made,” regards as part of the wondrous machinery necessary to uphold this frail being in order and comfort. I only express my anxiety, from knowing how the mind, though meaning religiously, may inadvertently, from our great weakness and blindness,

adopt habits not compatible with its best and happiest state ; and while dreading a sinful, might slide into a self-indulgent and weakening state: and I fear, (if my anxiety about the cause of your bodily weakness is just,) lest I might have been partly the cause, by too suddenly encouraging the idea of making the recollection of a revered object of affection constantly and gratifyingly familiar, before a sufficient lapse of time had freed it, by the wise adaptation of Him who pities our weaknesses, from the distressing feelings, and, I may add, sensations, connected with a loss that made so great a void in the mind and heart, and habits, and associations, as that which we (if I may not say, still deplore) so distinctly and vividly still see and feel. I mean then, that you might find it expedient to deny yourself sometimes the satisfaction, but as *yet* the melancholy satisfaction, of dwelling upon scenes, conversations, ideas, connected with the too softening recollection of your most dear, in-

valuable, departed parent ; whose benign countenance, gentle manners, sympathising looks, whose edifying conversation and directive counsels, I well know are so familiar, and at the same time so touching, to the mind and feelings of those who had the united felicity and advantage of being closely linked with his society and conversation. I am not presuming to suppose you indulge in any irrational, much less any irreligious sensibility, but very respectfully instructing you, (and I think I would scarcely yield to any human being, in having the most tender and heartfelt sympathy with you on this point,) to be self-denying in dwelling upon those delightfully improving recollections ; lest, while it is God's will you should remain on earth among the living, you might *so* dwell upon what is unearthly and heavenly, as to weaken and unfit yourself, in tone of mind and bodily strength, for the Christian part which God has assigned you in this life. Indeed I exercise this self-denial

to hinder you from our meeting to endeavour to improve each other, if no other obstacle occur. I have a great many things to say to you, some books to shew you, some people I want you to know more of, some matters at my church to exhibit, of which I should hope you would approve. And you want to know how I like my handkerchiefs, or what I think of them? I think *very little* of them. Have you known the Whittys so long, and forgotten they had noses? or do you think an area of eight inches square sufficient for my nose to move about in? I suppose if I wrote for a pair of shoes, I should get a pair that would fit the "little body sweet^d," or the "peaked toes" of some of the feathered bipeds, and then be asked (I must say) with some pertness, wrapped up, I suppose, in a sweet fashionable smile, "How do you like your shoes?" We were indeed greatly gratified at seeing W., and trust and pray he may find you both well,

^d A pet name for his youngest daughter.

and you particularly, better than I am ; but I am thankful that I am gradually getting better. Remember me most affectionately to W., and believe me ever, (dearest Sister, may it be *ever* !)

Yours most faithfully and affectionately,
I. W.

VI.

TO THE SAME.

January 12, 1824.

* * * I know, and I rejoice to know, you turn, at least you endeavour to turn, your illnesses to the good account for which no doubt they are intended ; and perhaps this wish, sent as even that is, from the Source of all good, is never sent in vain : but new classes of temptations and difficulties visit us even in seclusion, and though “ that wicked one toucheth him not” that “ keepeth himself,” how much is implied in that keeping, and how much may he threaten at a distance ! How often I think of our most honoured and revered friend, whose

mild countenance now beams upon me from his picture, and whom I very constantly associate with your idea, saying to me, "All our business is comprised in "two words, *Watch* and *Pray*;" and what humble, faithful vigilance, what "prayer "without ceasing," that meek Christian, that most sympathising brother, (if I may without disrespect so call him,) considered to be implied in those most important words, those who had the great privilege of enjoying his intimate society in this world, and "a great multitude" with them, I trust, in the world to come, are and will be convinced.

VII.

TO THE SAME.

May 12, 1824.

* * We ought to think continually of the promised and purchased inheritance of another and a fairer world; and if this fallen scene is conducted with such arrangement, and such delight, and such ex-

quisite beauty, and such improving intercourse, something even here “which
“ (the mere natural) eye hath not seen, nor
“ ear heard, nor has it come into the heart
“ of man to conceive;” what may we not
expect the society and scenery of that
higher state of the Redeemer’s glorified
kingdom to be? Let the mercies and the
holiness of salvation be, dearest Sister,
alike our aim, and by the great means
specified by the word of God, may our con-
science be cleansed from dead works to
serve the living God. That every good
thing may be attained by you and yours,
both in time, and when time shall be no
more, is always, dearest sister, among the
most heartfelt wishes of, yours ever,

I. W.

VIII.

TO THE VISCOUNTESS B.

Golden, June 18, 1824.

MY DEAREST LADY B.

YOU so very kindly acknowledge
any letters that I write to you, that I am

encouraged to hope these few lines will not be unwelcome, though they should prove to be little more than an apology for sending the accompanying letter to Mrs. M. I dare say you are about this time expecting the commencement of the Eton vacation. * * * I believe we are quite agreed upon the advantage it is to young people, to get occasionally from even the most excellent schools, into the immediate parental circle: and perhaps the tendency that unsophisticated minds, and natural feelings have *homewards*, is one of the guidings of Providence towards that sphere where it is designed certain real advantages of education should be had, that cannot be enjoyed elsewhere. I know, indeed, how very imperfectly one's home may exhibit the tempers and habits which should actuate a family under the complete influence of Christianity. What a chill and cloud one's individual sinfulness and wrongnesses may spread over the *home atmosphere*, (if I may so call it,) which it is designed should

foster the tender plants under the enlightening and purifying rays of Christianity, operating upon all that breathe it : yet, I trust the parents, who are themselves gifted with principles of Faith and Holiness, which it is their effort and their prayer may above all things actuate themselves and their children, can hardly fail to convey along with, and besides, direct religious instruction and observances, (which I take for granted, or one would not call it a religious family at all,) something in general habits and manners and sentiments, respecting the most ordinary matters, which though not recognised by the children as any part of religious training, and indeed perhaps at the particular moment not intended as such by the parents, may yet be most valuable, (supposing, as I do, that it emanates from real principle and feeling,) in the formation, or in aiding the formation of the right character, and stamping reality in the children's views and feelings upon what might otherwise seem

lessons and customs and opinions, dictated by *unsympathising duty*, and maintained from consistency and a sort of *unavoidable* propriety.*** It is these considerations that make me (without *scruple*) so very cautious not to make direct religious instruction in any way tiresome, or connected with what is disagreeable, if it can possibly be avoided,—because I think the religious training, so far as it is made to depend upon us, may be going on imperceptibly in another, and I had almost said, a more powerful way than by direct instruction.

But here again I am humbled to the dust, in thinking, in order that this other way should be operative, what the parents should be *themselves* in spirit, “and in all “holy conversation.” Then I comfort myself that, amidst all my weakness and sinfulness, God’s gracious plan for the souls of our children can be carried on, under his infinitely wise direction and all-powerful grace, notwithstanding all seeming impediments; and that all our poor efforts

are carried on as Christians in a hallowed ground of acceptance and aid, in which He has freely and most mercifully and benignly placed us.

I think I see, (if I may indulge this most precious hope that the fact *is* to be seen at all,) that any workings of religion in the minds, or effect upon the conduct of my children, which I observe, is not just in the way, or at the time I might have expected, nor in consequence of the instruction which it is my duty under ALL circumstances to bestow, and which I trust I endeavour to give; and can we too often say, even respecting the manner in which the very best things may be desired for ourselves or our children, or any we truly love, "Not my will, but Thine be done?" Content that infinite Goodness and Wisdom should accomplish good for his own creatures, and for his own redeemed in his own time, and in his own way, and intent only upon most thankfully receiving, and faithfully executing the part He has ap-

pointed us to sustain in ourselves, and towards those with whom, in his wonderful arrangements, He has most closely connected us. In this view there is always to our mind something hopeful and blessed in reserve, even amidst untoward circumstances, or at least amidst appearances which do not seem to promise any immediate good : as we may equally, reasonably, and religiously trust that something truly good is coming, in some path which we cannot yet trace ; that it may be delayed, (not denied,) only to come with more salutary effect after we have been previously better fitted to receive it.

I dare say neither of us can think long of any thing, connected with submission to the will of the gracious Giver of all good, or of what is most desirable for those about whom we are most interested, without some recurrence to the sentiments and habits of your ever to be remembered father. Did he not in his family exemplify a great deal of what I have stated, as to

the home efficacy of real piety and virtue? How often did not merely a calm expression of disapproval of any thing evil in society, but a sort of evident discomfort at its misery to man—not merely a just and decided approval of what was pious or kind, but a cheerful look, a mild pleasure, a light of his countenance, a happy manner designating it as greatly good and congenial, almost produce a sympathising right taste and feeling, foster every right impression, and lead us to admire and love and venerate real religion in her own lovely, self-created, reviving atmosphere of purity, cheerfulness, peace, and health. I have almost involuntarily said *us*, for I trust we did all in some degree so benefit: the very recollection is in some degree improving; and I do indeed look with a peculiar sort of affectionate gratitude, (with a recurring feeling at this moment of the sort of pleasure I used to experience in your most dear father's home sphere,) not only to the honoured friend himself, but to

every one of his children, who having long combined in all his kindness to me, still permit me to associate myself with, I had almost said, the *hallowed* tender recollections and feelings that will I trust always unite us here with their parent, until, by the mercy and goodness of our God and Saviour, "death is (for all) swallowed up in " victory;" "the former things *so* passed " away, that there shall be no more death, " neither sorrow nor crying, neither any " more pain;" and the great fact for ever established, that "He that doeth the will " of God abideth for ever." In this manner the memory of valued departed friends *calls* us always, as it were, towards the better world, to which it is God's gracious design to lead us, and which is so mercifully "prepared for us;" and for which He is pleased, I trust in some degree, to prepare us here: and delighting as I do in this especial instance to listen, if I may so speak, to this call, I cannot but feel most thankful for the gentle removal Infinite

Goodness was pleased to give your invaluable parent, my most honoured parental friend, from this world; so that I meet only a quietly sinking frame, a gently ceasing breath, an undisturbed, unaltered countenance, on the confines of the two worlds, with which we are alike really, though not visibly connected:—but am I right in dwelling so much upon these things, at least in this way to you? If I was sure they were not hurtfully painful to you, perhaps I need not be very uneasy at the manner being blamed, if the subject familiarizes us more to the world of spirits, to which we are continually approaching. Surely there is reality, not only as we know in things spiritual and eternal, but in the feelings soberly exercised upon them. While I am writing, I hear one of my daughters playing a piece of music my poor sister used to play above twenty years ago, and I seem to myself in some degree to be with her, and I *have* actually something of the pleasurable thoughts

and feelings, as if she were in the next room.

We all have a sort of mental communion with persons at a distance in this world; we may at least unite our feelings, and in some degree employ our imaginations with those in the other world—but any exercise of the imagination, especially upon things connected with religion, should perhaps be always governed by the exercise of that invaluable quality of sobermindedness, which it is one of the peculiar excellences of the word of God to bestow.

My note has grown insensibly into one of my long letters, as you receive them so kindly.—You are bound in kindness to correct me, if I forget to exercise, or shew that I have not attained the sobermindedness I have just praised. I do not ask for a letter; not because I do not deserve it, for in that view, I may unaffectedly say, “Is there any thing I should get?” How habitually and instinctively should we be grateful to *Him* whom our admirable

Liturgy makes us address, as “wont to give
“more than either we desire or deserve.”
That He may grant to yourself, to lord B.,
to your children, and to all your valued
family, whom I have so long known, every
real good here that can prepare them for
perfection hereafter, is, with a feeling si-
milar to what links me to my immediate
family, the sincere and heartfelt prayer of
your most respectful and affectionate friend,
I. W.

IX.

TO THE HON. MRS. M—

Golden, December 20, 1824.

*** Many things contribute to support
both mind and frame and principles, on
the first attack of illness, or in the com-
mencement of delicate health; but long
continued illness and pain require some
peculiar, and perhaps deeper, though calmer
religious feelings, than those not under such
trial and training can perhaps well imagine.
Indeed ***, I am most grieved to think,

suffers not only by the long continuance, but often under the severe pressure of illness ; and we know when pain attacks the head, how often it renders us almost incapable of turning to the mental resources of which piety is glad to avail itself : in these cases, it seems as if the simplest expression of our intentions, and the surrendering of our feelings to the Divine disposal, is to supply the place of religious reasonings, and of more active, at least of *lengthened* active devotions ; and I think it will be found, that the performance of the most obvious duties, for which sufficient strength may remain, such as acts of humility, forbearance, gentleness, and charity, in his name, and after his example, in whom we are led to do acceptably “ whatever we do in word or in deed ;” and faithful observance (faithful in the will and in the act, though weak in the attention and discharge) of pious exercises, such as reading the word of God, Prayer, the Lord’s Supper, without any expecta-

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tion, and almost with a contentedness not to find pleasurable present satisfaction in the exercise itself, but with an humble trust in the promised efficacy, and a sincere hope of "reaping in due time if we "faint not," will give a sort of religious calm and sustenance, which will support the weakened spirits, and give rational conviction of the true value, and preference for saving and divine things, until the time may come, when the Giver of all good, if He sees it right, may connect duty with delight, and so set the heart at liberty, as to enable us to run in the way of his commandments, and to feel happy in his service both in body and soul. In this way, without any excitement, that regulating of the mind and affections, and that sobering, and at the same time exercising of the principles and sentiments, can be carried on, which I cannot but think has a most salutary effect upon those ailments which affect the finer parts of the human frame, and which so much confuse and weaken the activities, or rather actings

of the inner man, with which the Framer and Arranger of our natures has so mysteriously connected these exquisite springs of the corporeal machinery.

* * Every day one sees more and more, and cannot but admire more and more, that infinite wisdom which revealed and communicates infinite mercy and goodness in the sympathies of a suffering Redeemer. How often have we occasion to remember—and when we remember we cannot but feel a comfort—that “He is not one who “cannot be touched with our infirmities!” In order that we may be in any degree “perfect and entire, wanting nothing,” how constantly do we feel the necessity of patience having her perfect work!

X.

TO MRS. W. P.

Christmas Day, 1825. Golden Glebe.

SISTER DEAR,

I CANNOT avoid recording here, that I wish to you and yours every good

thing that this happy day can suggest to desire for those we love best, both here and hereafter. It is a great part of my gratification, in the many enjoyments which all-gracious Providence and creative and restoring Benignity is pleased to accumulate upon such a poor creature, that you are continually present to my imagination, and as it were entering into all my reasoning, feelings, and movements; and as you know we must always speak the truth, I find myself calling for your congratulations when any thing in which you know I am interested succeeds, and claiming counsel, when entering upon some of those intricate paths, in which I am sometimes painfully compelled to follow the calls of duty. We admire the hand of nature and of nature's God together, and some of those displays of beauty and contrivance and arrangement, which we agree are to be found in the winter as well as in the summer, in the little weed and the twinkling drop, in the fleecy mist and in the clear

azure concave of a sky of health and brilliancy. * * * Figure to yourself all the reasonings, regulated imaginations, corrected wishes, affectionate feelings, and unearthly thoughts, that preceded, and were to be reduced to order, when I found I had said to myself, "If friends could die together!"—Jan. 17, 1826. You see how far my good intentions have carried me, and it will be some comfort to you that, in the interim, I made two or three orations addressed to you: one that commenced, "Now, Sister dear, is there not real satisfaction *in that*"——after I had been conversing with a gentleman for half an hour lately come to settle in the parish, and who is married into a very Romish family, in a cold damp glen close to the river Suir, where we met accidentally and most kindly; and what makes it very pleasant is, that he has actually got a house, which there seemed to be at one time some *danger* of your family inhabiting. Some of my young friends in the parish are, I

think, beginning to draw towards me, and the parents, I hope, not averse to me. You know (not my *idea*, but) my point which I proved to you, when you listened patiently, (though I do not affect to be ignorant that kind friends imagine the contrary,) that there is something oddly hateful in me, springing from within, which must be removed as one of the impediments to doing real good, *with the only real good means*. Think, dear! that “out of the abundance “of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and join me in valuing those two grand pillars of the graceful arch of goodness and happiness, “*Love of God and love of Man.*” —Those confluent streams, from the fountain, and to the ocean, of benevolence and bliss, which alone can produce and nourish that “work of righteousness which is “peace, that effect of righteousness which “is quietness and assurance for ever.”

XI.

TO THE SAME.

March 21, 1826.

*** The lady most kindly joined me in taking into the coach my acquaintance J. S. when night came on with great rain; and I must rejoice that she had by this means an opportunity of hearing one of the most important pieces of intelligence, certainly never heard since early in the life of Adam, and which was better calculated to give lasting comfort than any thing I ever heard—one, I will venture to say, you know as little about as I did. On some conversation about some person not having acted right, and some sincere lamentation that we were not better, and some suggestion, that many (“you and I” is probably what will occur here) were not as good as they ought to be with the lights and aids they possess, or might possess—all was set to rights by our being assured gravely, without any excitement of manner, or any thing of paradoxical forbid-

dingness, “that *every* one was as good “as he need be!!” Was ever more wrongness of head, and confusion of every thing moral, religious, high, noble, lovely, or happy, or heavenly, combined in a few words! It had the effect of producing an almost dead silence; but I have it in really kind intention to make this a *conversational* text with the person by whom it was uttered, and who *is* capable of discussion. Alas! we are unprofitable servants indeed; and I know you agree with me, that it is most humiliating that we do not grow more rapidly better; for I trust we may give glory to God by attributing to Him the source, the power, the comfort of some little improvement—and we are taught to pray that “bringing forth the fruit of “good works, we may of Him be plentifully rewarded, through Jesus Christ our “Lord.” Never lose sight of this heavenly aim—this Christian humility—this most happy employment.—This is reality.

O Sister dear, how contented, how joy-

ful and pleasant a thing should we think it to be thankful: if along with "peace" with God" we have food and raiment, and are free from pain. May these here, and every thing that eternity can reveal hereafter, be the part of you and yours! * * * Sure you will come to us; do come with young W. when William goes to K * * * You *must* come to us this summer, the air would agree with W. particularly, and the trees are inviting you. With our united love, ever most cordially and unlimitedly yours.

I. W.

XII.

TO THE SAME.

Golden, May 27, 1826.

SISTER DEAR,

Is there any reason for my giving a reason for writing to you? I know I lately intended to write to you, and I am pretty sure that it was with the intention of vexing you, but about what I cannot now recollect, so I must deny myself that

gratification. Indeed A—— and I just now found you (which perhaps by the time this reaches you may have escaped your recollection) under a most beautiful, ever-blooming rose tree, glowing with myriads of blossoms, and breathing the purest fragrance^e. We actually found *you* in the shape of a rose, and both of us remarked how well and delightful and sweet “Aunt Helen looked;” but as you would not speak, but only looked at us, I thought it better to write to you. Now I find, and you see the reason I have written to you. I will not delay to tell you, because I know you will join with us, and for us, in “the joyful and pleasant duty” it calls us to, that since I wrote to I***** we have not had any other sad outrages in this unhappy country. With taking the necessary precautions which such a state of things, or rather of minds demands, we are, I trust, depending upon that *never-failing* Providence, which can and (may

^e A plant she had given him.

we hope?) graciously will, “put away
“from us all hurtful things,” as well as
“give us those things that be profitable
“for us.” The wretched assailants of Mr.
Murphy’s house have not been discovered :
who can help wishing that they may ac-
knowledge that detecting eye, under which
(if discovered by their fellow-mortals, or
not) they may be given true repent-
ance? I cannot but be very glad that
these outrages did not take place in this
parish—alas! we have enough to lament
over. Notwithstanding all that has lately
happened, such a desperate riot took place
at the fair of Golden after the police had
left it, between two factions, though as-
sailing each other only with stones, that
the windows of some houses were literally
totally destroyed, and the street of the vil-
lage strewn with large stones; some peo-
ple were severely hurt, some “*kilt*,” as they
say, but no lives lost. I ought not to have
mentioned this, perhaps, when I am just
going to add, that we are full of the

thoughts of your all coming to us in the course of the summer, please God ; and absolutely delighted at the idea of the plan commencing by your coming down with I***** ; he will now hardly be welcome without you. W***** will join you here, as often and long as business will permit him, and W—— will come and tell us all about his travels, towards the end of the summer. In short, you are coming, and will help to take care of us ; and I have a great many things to say to you all. Do let me hear, not something, but every thing good of the dear H.'s. How could I be at their house but once when I was in Dublin?—Yet *you can tell them* it was not from want of affection. Valued friends, whom it does one good to see, whose kind partiality to me equally humbles and delights me ! Some of those rays converging to a point, of which I read somewhere the other day, which come closer to each other as they

approach the common centre of mutual attraction.

We have had some "gracious rain," which indeed has made the country, and even this little place, look beautiful. O that it were representative of a descending influence, which would make the moral desert as Eden! I depend upon W.'s aiding I * * * * in getting my Bible bound. I wish I had thought (if it is not very expensive) of getting the leaves gilt—I mean out of respect to the book. Mrs. B. was at Fethard last week. I had a very kind letter from her, and an invitation to go there, but was prevented by a pain in my ear, the least violent, I thank God, (for it is a dreadful pain,) I ever had; but I am still confused, and with noise in my head. I am sure you were glad to see E * * *; he is a most affectionate man, and does not hate you or your family. It is provoking to us to have seen so little of him or his family. I was thinking of

going to Kilrush, but the state of the country keeps me at home. I had a letter, like herself, from most dear Lady B. Mr. M—— only left us this day— and spoke of you, but what? M. and all the circle unite in wishing to have you in the midst of them, with, yours ever, sister dearest, most faithfully,

I. W.

XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Sunday, June 10, 1827.

ON this day it cannot be wrong to spend half an hour, expressing, among other not unsabbatical things, to my very dear friends, how really and solemnly interested I am at this moment about their valued son; and he has been indeed continually in my thoughts, and is now perhaps under that imposition of hands, which I cannot, however unworthy, but join with others in praying may be made effectual

to confer upon him every useful power and holy gift. May grace be given, we humbly pray, to all who are called to any office and administration in the Church ; and may they, and especially our dear relative, be so replenished with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endued with innocence of life, that they may faithfully serve before Thee to the glory of thy great name, and the benefit of thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I know how seriously and devoutly, not only the object of our solicitude and prayers, but his parents, view the solemn service in which he is engaged ; and I can imagine how much you must both be, not merely affected, (calmly and reasonably I mean,) but pleased, at seeing your son entering into his office under the cultivation of every right view, and, as I am sure I may say, with the aspiration after every right feeling. The present times are happily instrumental in cultivating such, much more than when I ventured to take upon me

this holy ministration with fear and trembling. Dear venerated Doctor Hales! still I cannot forget your making me kneel down with you in that library, where you were perpetually given to the study of God's holy word, to ask the divine direction and blessing upon the examination of the unworthy candidate for Holy Orders: perhaps I may in other worlds be permitted to express my sacred love and reverence for his religious instructions and directions, and to adore the wisdom that forms such links in the upholding of his Church below.

XIV.

TO THE HON. MRS. M.

Golden, June 30, 1828.

MY DEAREST MRS. M.

It is so painful to me to think of the intercourse between us (though it should be only by letter) being so long interrupted, that, though little able to

write satisfactorily, I can no longer put off the expression of my desire to hear from you; especially as I have reason to think you can give me accounts (favourable ones, I most earnestly hope) of many of your dear friends, whose society you have been or are enjoying.

It has pleased God that we should for above six months continue under great trials, to which I trust we are willing to submit as from God's hand, and to bear under Christian hopes, and consolations. Our very dear I ***** is now in a most critical state of health, with all the symptoms, as the physicians have determined, of decline; but, we are most thankful, not in a situation by any means hopeless. Perhaps you heard he had been confined for three months with a painful complaint in his eyes, most patiently endured, attended only by me, as my family were all at my father's, and from various causes (including Mrs. Whitty's very dangerous illness) unable to return until

the seventh of May, when I * * * * * seemed quite recovered, but a slight cold he got a little before, gradually so violently affected his chest, that the remedies obliged to be used, brought him to a state of weakness and emaciation a little after poor Mrs. Whitty's arrival, in which he now lies.—Doctors H. and B. say that matters are on a balance, and as his cough is, if any thing, better, his strength rather increased, and nourishment (a good deal of which, including asses' milk) agrees with him; it is equally right and comfortable to trust in the God and "Saviour of body and soul," that this great trial may only terminate in fresh cause of thankfulness to Him whose mercies and bounties have been so great to his most weak and unworthy servants—What we are suffering need I, can I say? But I ought to feel most for his poor mother, who, with her weakly health, is wonderfully doing, or rather enabled to do, her part. But amidst my distresses I cannot but often think of the *friends indeed*

who always so sympathised in and alleviated our distress. The pitying look of your heavenly-minded father is often before me, and with a strange sort of relief I weep at this moment over his loss, and the situation of my most dear I * * * * *, and the recollection of the kindness of you all. You will not, my very sincere and affectionate friend, as you will allow me to call you, be slow to believe, how often, amidst my own anxieties, my thoughts have turned and my prayers been directed for the preservation of your excellent husband, the welfare of yourself, your most dear brothers and sisters, and all that each of you most love and value. I know not how, repeatedly as I have been just setting about it, to write to Mrs. T., who really has not many upon earth more interested about her. I had a plan of writing to the General, to ask them here; but, alas! I dare not plan. I am not sure where she now is. Do tell me; for, even in my present distress, the thought of *seeming* to forget

her greatly grieves me. I have part of a letter written long ago to Mr. G. B., looking forward to a visit from him ; and was only unavoidably prevented by sad circumstances, when I heard he was at liberty, from immediately urging my request.—Your affectionate host does not, I am sure, think I have forgotten him ; as he would know, if he heard some of mine and Mr. M.'s conversations ; and indeed it is a pleasure to converse with Mr. M. : but every thing is valuable that remains of the persons and the arrangements connected with, or introduced by, your ever-to-be-remembered parent, in this quarter——God's will be done ! “ the things that are “ seen are temporal ”—you know with what the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared. That in time we may faithfully choose, and in eternity enjoy, what Divine goodness and mercy and grace has procured in our blessed Redeemer for those that love Him, is for

you, your husband, child, and friends, the affectionate prayer of, yours ever,

I. W.

P.S. I faithfully assure you of Mrs. W.'s love, and I * * * * 's grateful recollection of your kindness, especially in London. At another time I hope to tell you of the happy conclusion of dear, gentle, pious Mrs. Hales's earthly career.

XV.

TO THE SAME.

Golden, August 9, 1828.

MY DEAREST MRS. M.

You may suppose you would have heard much sooner from me, had it been God's good pleasure that I should have any thing very satisfactory to communicate. * * * * I hope we are endeavouring to submit to the Divine will, and to

seek those aids which alone can sustain our feeble nature, and, alas ! our too weak Faith, in our present most trying situation : but there are hours, when not with him, indeed of great wretchedness ; and I feel by myself how low one sometimes will sink, under the waves and storms that seem to go over one. You will naturally feel anxious to know what he thinks of himself, and the state of his mind. He was always rather reserved upon religious subjects, but most regularly and reverentially attentive to them ; and with the regular practice of devotions, daily hearing of the word of God, patiently and cheerfully bearing what God is pleased to appoint, it is, I think, very immaterial, though I cannot here fully explain myself, in what *stage* of illness Christian sufferers may think, or rather, perhaps, *express* that they think themselves to be. Christianity, I need not say to you, is *life* both of soul and body ; and if we are really enlivened by it, I think the mind will be at all times

in a state of readiness to consider that we are to "pass through the grave and "gate of death to our joyful resurrection." "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." May we "not sorrow as those which have "no hope!"

XVI.

TO THE VISCOUNTESS B—

Golden, March 25, 1829.

MY DEAREST LADY B—

THOUGH deeply afflicted, we are all, I trust, resigned to the good-will of the Almighty, in withdrawing our most dear son from this uncertain world, which perhaps he made too pleasant to us. Poor Mrs. Whitty is able to exert herself, and read a little; and our children, we thank God, viewing this dispensation in the religious light, where alone, as you well know, real comfort and improvement are to be found. I know how you feel for us;

and if you knew how much there was, at least for his own immediate family, to value and delight in, in our blessed son, you would allow that for some time a strange void must be felt, causing us often to doubt for a moment, as my poor M * * * said, whether it is not to be filled by his return—that word which so long promised and brought joy and pleasure to us all; for while we should most humbly, and above all things, thank God that he spent and departed this life in his faith and fear, we cannot but recollect, with a melancholy thankfulness, the joyous and pleasant and innocent cheerfulness, and an unpretending good sense and useful store of entertaining information, which made him alike our pleasure and delight, equally *my* pleasant companion and agreeable counsellor. Three months we spent together, without any other society, last spring, when his eyes were attacked. Always cheerful, except when he was in great pain; and how he delighted in cheering

me with his violoncello, when I had read to him for hours, often behind the window curtain or deep candle shade, until he remarked that my voice began to fail. I believe I used to tell Mr. B—— that he sometimes in manner and look reminded me of him, and how I pleased myself in thinking that I in something resembled the most loved and honoured of earthly friends, in enjoying, as he did, “the aid and judgment of an eldest son.” Here, let me add, that he spoke constantly and *warmly* (which was not his usual habit) of the kindness he received from yourself and Lord B., Mr. and Mrs. B., and most dear Mrs. M., in London. Even Mr. B.’s little daughter he mentioned with pleasure; and much as he delighted in availing himself of your society, it will please you to know, that he denied himself some advantages of it, only to give himself up (as his uncle says) to attend and comfort him under his distress at parting from his son going out to India. A note-case he gave

me last November on my birthday, has now round it, placed there by me, a little slip of paper mentioning your kind remembrance in a letter to me "to your nice "young friend:" and by whom would I rather my most dear son should be remembered?

How tenderly did your loved and venerated father ever think of me! How constantly and affectionately and reverentially do I think of, and look to meeting him! How often do I combine the sacred wish for a blessing on every descendant of his, with those for my own family! I feel now, more powerfully than ever, how much departed friends link our minds and hearts, not merely with them, but with that better world, for which no doubt it is the gracious design of our God and Saviour, by every occurrence and dispensation, to train those that really believe in, love, and serve Him; and it now strikes me very forcibly that I said frequently to my dear son during his illness, how much I should

like to send as it were a message, by some person who was aware of his own departure, to tell your venerated father (as far as such communication could take place,) how constantly and reverentially I thought of him, and laboured to cultivate those things which he would wish most should engage and interest me.—Perhaps—but I stop—“all live to God,” said our blessed Saviour. All is in His hand.

I believe I mentioned to Mr. B. that it was my happy part to perform regular religious services, principally from the Scripture and Liturgy, with a portion of Bishop Horne’s admirable book on the Psalms, every day for my poor dear son during his confinement for the last ten months ; of which (though until the last ten days dining and spending the evening with us) he could not read much himself, nor fix his attention when others read to him. The last ten days after the blood-vessel first broke, from which time he was

confined to his bed, he asked me to add prayers to our morning reading, wishing the prayers to be first, (as the most valuable part,) lest, as he said, his attention might fail; and the very day of his death he joined in that part of the Litany, from the Lord's Prayer to the end, looking up together calmly (as I trust) to Him who "despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful," his mild voice steadily repeating, "Graciously look upon our afflictions," and the responses to "As we do put our trust in Thee." The last passages of Scripture we read were the epistle and gospel for Quinquagesima Sunday; when he seemed greatly pleased with some remarks I made on our blessed Lord so graciously stopping to hear the cry which seemed to tire mere mortals, and so liberally anticipating, as it were, the utmost the suppliant could expect;—and the last passage of Horne I read to him was that part of the commentary on the 144th verse

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of the 119th Psalm—"The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting. Give me understanding, and I shall live." In every sense, O Lord Jesus, thy righteousness is everlasting. Grant us the understanding of it in every sense, and we shall live to Thee now, and *with* Thee *for ever*. But you may imagine the kind of satisfaction we feel (his departure having come on so much more hastily than we, and perhaps he, imagined it would; though indeed I do not think circumstances would have much altered his manner to us) at his having marked in a book called "True Stories," with which we were all familiar, I believe, and which he was reading while we were at church; a passage beginning with "The grand object of my parents in my education was, to teach me how to live, and how to die;" which, though you are aware it could accurately apply only to the *writer*, yet wonderfully suited what we knew of him in many respects; and his anxiety that our dear M * * *

should not remove the turn-down in the leaf was shewn (not spoken) in the kindest, mildest manner. He got up by his own desire as usual in the evening, aided by H * * * * and me, with his accustomed cheerfulness, to have his bed made; and while sitting up, under a slight sort of expectation, followed by throwing up some blood, was withdrawn, leaning against me, holding his brother and sister's hand, just as his poor mother came in, without sigh or struggle. Here I trust we may apply, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!" and most humbly and sincerely should we thank the Almighty God, "with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord," that he was pleased to deliver our most dear son so gently and happily out of the miseries of this sinful world; and surely you will join me in the conclusion of this prayer in our edifying Funeral Service, "That it may please Him, of his gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of his

“ elect, and to hasten his kingdom ; that
“ we, with all those that are departed in
“ the true faith of his holy name, may
“ have our perfect consummation and bliss,
“ both in body and soul, in his eternal and
“ everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ
“ our Lord.” By poor Mrs. W.’s particular desire, our dear son’s precious remains were placed at my honoured mother’s feet at Kilrush, where H * * * * and I attended them ; and “ as it pleased God to take
“ unto himself the departed soul,” we committed the body to the ground with humble faith, “ in sure and certain hope of the
“ resurrection to eternal life, through our
“ Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change
“ our vile body, that it may be made like
“ unto his glorious body, according to the
“ mighty working, whereby he is able
“ even to subdue all things unto himself.”

When we think seriously of either body or soul, of our own or others, can we forbear saying and feeling, “ Thanks be to
“ God for his unspeakable gift,” the full

value of which, not death, but *life* everlasting, and eternity alone, can fully explain? My excellent father, I thank God, suffered no hurtful agitation, and as usual shewed us what we ought to do, and how to resign ourselves.

I think you would say our children (H * * * * having providentially returned from my father's four days before, with my sister-in-law) view the affliction as we should wish. M * * * 's attention to our dear Irwine could not have been exceeded; most valuable from the cheerfulness and the delight it gave him; his nice nurse, as he used to call her, and she pleased always with his society. Poor Mrs. W. seems now pretty well, and C. seems steadily to amend. I have written you a melancholy letter, which, though I know your feelings for us, must seem distressingly long, and which I have unintentionally lengthened. Your letter was, beyond what you may think, a real gratification; as was indeed Mr. B.'s. For some days after my return

from my sad journey, I was confined with one of my usual attacks for some days to my bed, and for ten days to the house. I am now, thank God, almost free from pain, and pretty much as usual. Do remember me most affectionately to any of your family who are in town. Offer my tenderest thanks to Lord B., for his attention to my lamented son ; and believe me, with all the feeling and sincerely good wishes that the parent of a departed child can have towards the children and parents who regarded his son, and sympathised with himself, ever, in the largest and best sense, most faithfully, affectionately, and respectfully yours,

IRWINE WHITTY.

XVII.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

January 11th, 1832.

MY DEAR M.

“Blessed *are* the dead which die
“in the Lord!” is now our great consolation

and hope for our departed friends and ourselves. Among the dearest of those friends, not only was, but is, our poor departed J——. This loved creature has passed through the waves of this troublesome world ; and is now, by the mercies of our God and Saviour, acquainted with some new regions of his almighty power and goodness. No one can think of her without the most tender and affectionate remembrance ; and I know well how her parents and other friends (including yourself) around her precious remains, must be melted and tried ; but they have the same supports that sustained the poor thing so quietly in sickness, and brought her through the “valley of the shadow of death ;” and seeing her recovery was hopeless, they will unselfishly almost feel a satisfaction, that she did not remain longer among them, to pine and suffer. I can truly say I am happy she had you with her, and am confident you did all you could for her comfort ; and that you

feel her seeming pleased with you and with us all, a sort of abiding satisfaction. I know your uncle and aunt, who are constantly in my mind and heart, will see I could not avoid writing, or rather directing, to you, though the letter is equally for them. Were I to gratify myself, how I wish to be with them, and to take a last look of that sweet countenance which could only remind me of another, that looked nothing but peace to the last: but I am sure your uncle decided right, in not wishing me to go. We cannot but be most anxious about your poor aunt: all the reasons, without particularly mentioning them, will easily occur to your uncle for their all coming here, or as many as circumstances permit. Mitchelstown is an excellent inn, and is the way through Caher, but not Clogheen, to this place: every thing is ready for their accommodation in all ways, and there is good air and cheerfulness in the look of this house and place, with our entire arrangement of

MEDITATIONS.

I.

WHEN all the thoughts of the effect of condemnation on a guilty world fill the mind, which arise when we read John iii. 17. "That God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world;" in the contrast between his becoming the actual Saviour, who might have been the administer of sentence and condemnation, we learn to appreciate the following sentence, "but that the world through him might be saved."—Nov. 11, 1827.

II.

Scripture may justly be called a mine, resembling it even in this, that men constantly pass over its surface without being aware of the hidden treasure.—Nov. 27, 1827.

III.

Characters, like cloths of various textures, may be fine, yet strong—coarse, yet weak.—Dec. 2, 1827.

IV.

The dwelling upon the views and principles necessary to withstand any particular temptation, while not under the cloud and pressure which would render it difficult, and in thought admitting no compromise or extenuation, may fortify the mind, and make it prompt to bring those views and principles into action when we are actually tempted.—Dec. 2, 1827.

V.

How it proves the reality and enlarging spirit of Christianity that, while the man of the world always doubts of the change in any one whom he had once known vicious and ungodly, the real Christian watches, with the delight of the charity that hopeth all things, and with the probability attached to his conviction of his own happy change, at the account of any

one's change of principle and conduct.—
Feb. 1828.

VI.

We may make religion and eternity our great object, not by multiplied observances, nor lengthened studies, but by fidelity in the observances that are prudently adopted ; and by cultivating a habit of recurring devoutly to the subject in our minds at all times ; as life is renewed by regular meals, which occupy but little time, and honesty is strengthened by constant, cheerful acquiescence in good principle, and affection to relations cherished by prompt and glad admission of them to our thoughts and sensibilities.—March 10, 1828.

VII.

A busy or needy man might think time lost in prolonged prayer, especially daily observed, and if not seeming to produce visible effect, even though the necessary and unavoidable business be, as it should be, regularly and diligently attended to, without reflecting that time is not lost in

wrought notions and feelings.—16th July, 1828.

XII.

It has probably often occurred, that, as in outward things, fact or reality and mystery are found to be quite compatible, so they are equally so to the rightly-positioned mind in God's appointment of moral and religious matters.—22nd July, 1828.

XIII.

As those who ascend a very high mountain can see rays of the rising and setting sun longer than others ; so those who have ascended the mountain of the Lord, as it were, in cultivating religion, see bright hopes and consequences with which others are unacquainted.—I. W., 14th August, 1828.

XIV.

As a man, who, on a dangerous voyage, not knowing how suddenly it may be necessary to betake himself to the raft from the wreck, or to make the least exertion to gain the shore, keeps about him no weight or incumbrance, and only such, at all events,

as he can drop at once and without regret ; so in the expected departure out of this dangerous world, they who sit loose to its possessions and enjoyments, and even are not sorry to be without them, will in that respect be unburdened from more difficulties in taking the last important spring ; and should pain or any peculiar circumstance make the departure difficult, they will be the more disengaged to employ every power which God bestows to enable them to “ spring to life.”—20th November, 1828.

XV.

In almost all the differences and enforcements of religion, in conversation especially, it seems as if it should be always kept in view, that, not only the truth and reality, but the practicability of divine things is to be pressed upon men : and men will sometimes be found willing to escape as it were from the obligation to practise themselves, by admitting the possibility of living faith and holy practice in saints and

disputer or proud, once salvation is valued and closed with, bow down to receive the gift, and do homage to the mystery of godliness.—22nd March, 1829.

XXIII.

When wrong principle and evil habits of any kind have been intermixed with training and education, the work of religion afterwards is not merely to train the wild tree and mould the stubborn clay, but to alter the distorted and wrong shape, and to break up and regrind, and then mould the newly tempered materials.—23rd March, 1829.

XXIV.

Where it is said Christ pleased not Himself, it should remind us, that his whole manifestation of Himself was a practical living contrast to that general vice or corruption of our nature, selfishness and self-will.

XXV.

It differs little at the harvest, whether one grain fell into the ground or decayed a little sooner than another, to shew in

reality how immaterial one person dying before another.

XXVI.

As the actual outward gloom, caused by the temporary bodily absence of a person beloved in this world, is relieved by the person returning and affecting our senses ; so I find that the strange void and discomfort which grief for a departed person produces, while the sense of loss for ever as to this world only occupies the mind, is almost strangely and instantaneously relieved, when, by thinking of the person himself as he now is, I bring him as it were into my imagination and heart, and enjoy a sort of spiritual presence.—March 28, 1829.

XXVII.

We are not forbidden to act for, (as in case of sowing our ground,) but to be anxious for to-morrow—20th April, 1829.

XXVIII.

We are in this world placed providentially as it were in the school of Christ ;

but as in a school the benefit enjoyed and the fitness for different situations depend upon the application of the scholar, and the use to which he turns the opportunities of instruction and improvement; so may, in the course of God's wisdom, much hereafter depend upon the use we make of the great advantages and aids, with which, as Christians, we are gifted, and on our having employed them to render us fit for situations in the many mansions.—26th April, 1829.

XXIX.

If the march of intellect, as in the cant of the day it is called, should go on without advance in religion and spirituality, it would be as dangerous as if we were to advance in bodily strength and the means of applying it, without improving in intellect and morals.—3rd May, 1829.

XXX.

When we find it, as we certainly do, difficult while in health and spirits to conceive of a state of present spiritual dis-

comfort, arising from bodily ailment or depression,) it should teach us not to be discouraged by the impossibility, for a time, of removing spiritual discomfort, or even of imagining its removal, and again possessing inward satisfaction—because we are at present low, and distressed, and comfortless.—29th August, 1829.

XXXI.

Letters of one's own, written at different intervals, and read after a long time, give one a strange and new sort of knowledge of one's self.—15th Sept. 1829.

XXXII.

With what confidence would we both sue for pardon, and receive directions on our return to our Sovereign, if we found unexpectedly that he was also our Father. “Ye are all the sons of God through faith in Jesus Christ. He has given us the Spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father.”—Sept. 24, 1829.

XXXIII.

The difficulty of unrestrained communi-

cation of sentiment and unfettered deliberation, which I think parents who are on the very best and pleasantest footing with their children must feel, is an additional reason why they should more constantly and fervently pray for them.—
26th Sept. 1829.

XXXIV.

When the distressing bitterness of grief is past, the softened recollection and meditation of a dear departed friend (alas! dear, invaluable son) has in it something of a peculiar, undefined, calm satisfaction, resembling the pleasure felt in a distant view of a soft light, through some opening in the sky, or a distant perspective—different from the brilliancy and cheering glow of the sunbeam upon us.—1st October, 1829.

XXXV.

When we see, as we constantly do, the flow of affection, and even of civil manner, in many most estimable friends, and even loved relatives, interrupted by some dis-

turbances of nerves, or health, or spirits ; and see how again they become themselves, as I may say, when the tone of the organs is restored, and the machine as it were set to rights ; we may imagine with what unimpeded love and tenderness and pleasingness (to semi-coin a word) the glorified body will aid in expressing and communicating feelings and sentiments and sympathies to those with whom it has intercourse. See even how delightfully the manners of a good, artless, healthy child convey its feelings and affections.—18th October, 1829.

XXXVI.

Looking at the glorious approach of sunrise this morning, one of those uncommon displays of light and colour blended, streaked, glowing with all possible beauty and variety, the open spaces seeming to let not merely the eye but the mind into new regions of calm loveliness, as the expanse varied, and increasing light revealed and formed new wonders, extend-

ing into very distant regions of the sky, and at length over the whole concave,—it said, that thus the scheme and purposes of creative, redeeming, sanctifying love and power are perfected and advanced through ages: nay, the feeling and conviction came over me, that THIS moment they are advancing, truth is gaining ground, the coming of the Lord is now nearer. That light increased, and, as it did so, Divine purposes have bounded forward—the sound of the trumpet is nearer—the dead (oh, Irwine!) are nearer to the resurrection—eternal felicity is closer! In some way like this did St. Paul feel, when he said, “Now is our salvation nearer “than when we believed.”—And how does the recollection of all dear friends crowd upon me—I fancied how I should have walked along at the moment, were my two most dear cousins leaning on each arm. I could not but implore the Divine aid for all in tribulation, (ah! Marianne,) in wealth, in the hour of death, against

the day of judgment; for the families of those two dear cousins who peculiarly came to my mind,—even the benevolent aunt; and with the reflection of arranging for meeting one's beloved friends, and thinking how often ineffectually, perhaps never to take place in this world—longing I could make myself really pleasing to my venerated father;—reflecting what pains one would take to secure a meeting with distant friends in this world, and dwelling upon the idea of the value and happiness of using every exertion to enjoy the one certain meeting in the next;—I certainly entered upon my ordinary thoughts and business revived, elevated, delighted, blessing God, resting in Christianity, improved, I trust, and, best of all, humbled. —October 22.

XXXVII.

It would seem, that looking to a seed of grace sown in baptism, and which might either die by deadly and wilful sin or apostasy, or be stunted by what is worldly

and sinful, we pray in the Baptismal service, that “all things belonging to the “Spirit may live and grow” in baptized children.—25 Oct. 1829.

XXXVIII.

The recollection that our blessed Saviour said, “Father, forgive them, FOR they “know not what they do,” should make us excuse our fellow-creatures to ourselves, under the conviction of the reasonableness of thinking, that they are not all, very often, aware of the pain and annoyance and hurt, which the unkind, or foolish, or wrong behaviour is producing, and which otherwise they would probably abhor and shrink from ; and if we once begin really thus to extenuate the conduct of others, and bear with and pray for them, as our Divine Master did, it will lead us, under, no doubt, his special influence, and in his presence, to look up to, and submit to that Divine Providence, who, for inscrutable and wise reasons, (among others for our

improvement,) permits that by which we are distressed,—25th Oct. 1829.

XXXIX.

Surely thoughtlessness does not at any time become the being who walks at all times and in all situations on the verge of the precipice of eternity.—21st May, 1830.

XL.

Our lamentations about the difficulty of coming to the state of goodness which the Scriptures call us to, are like the complainings of an ailing man, who is in possession of an excellent and almost sovereign medicine, which if he does take with some regularity, he weakens and retards the sanatory effect at the same time by habits and diet which are counter to the effect intended and wished :—e. g. how may a little excess in aliment, or the reading of books, which, though not positively impure, nourish the inferior affections, prevent the attainment of that real purity, without which there is no real comfort in religion. Those who are careless of doing evil;

those who generally mean well ; those who are intent upon what is good ; seem to form very distinct classes, like the ungodly, the formalist, and the holy.—26 May, 1830.

XLI.

So many impediments and interruptions occur to the enjoyment of the society of the friends we love best, and who are most congenial to us, that one can hardly avoid looking, even during this lifetime, to the other world, as the happy point of meeting and of intercourse.—30th May, 1830.

XLII.

May not those be rightly called “ the godly,” whose plan and purpose it is to please and serve God in the way and by the means He has appointed and revealed, however various the degrees of the service may be in various persons ?—4th June, 1830.

XLIII.

It may reasonably be doubted whether

any faithful prayers are not granted ; but it should be considered that prayers, the object of which does not seem to be granted, may yet not be unproductive ; for Divine goodness may think good to grant some better or more suitable thing instead of that which is implored, as a benevolent man might choose, out of pure kindness and wisdom, to give food and clothing instead of money that was asked, and which he might know would be prejudicial ; but, besides this, one may imagine the thing asked to be actually granted, but of a sort and with circumstances different from and preferable to those designed by the suppliant. Suppose we ask for support under illness, God may grant it, not by removing pain, or even giving patience to endure it, but by fixing the mind and feelings so strongly on spiritual things that the suffering may be forgotten for a time, or by unexpectedly, or, as we would say, accidentally discovering to us some medicine or assistance hitherto unheard of,

which would effect a cure, just as a sincere friend might better our circumstances, as we asked him, not by getting us more income, but by teaching us rightly to manage what we already possessed, or directing to cheaper articles for constant use; indeed I think the Divine manner of granting almost every benefit is, in many respects, different from what we might expect—probably that the Donor may be distinctly recognised, and his wisdom and goodness the more adored.—5th May, 1830.

XLIV.

The Gospel not only receives sinners as lost, but as diseased rebels, from whom therefore it requires, justly, not only service, but willingness to come to be healed of contagion alike hurtful to others and themselves.—August, 1830.

XLV.

While a general habit of devotion, a readiness to pray without ceasing, should be always aimed at, and implies a real

spirit of piety, without which all outward observances are as nothing; yet for such weak beings as we are, stated regularly recurring times of prayer, both public and private, are indispensable for still acquiring and strengthening the spirit of devotion, as regular meals are required for the support of the body, however strong and healthy it may be.—24th August, 1830.

XLVI.

In times of depression, and almost of inability to be comforted, when God seems to hide his face from us, when we cannot find comfort in nor from our devotions nor devotional thoughts, we may yet remember, that we were once aided and comforted, and trust that something of the same kind will occur from our God and Saviour again, and thus live upon hope.—29th November, 1830.

XLVII.

Perhaps almost every one at some time or other, when under “troubles and adversities,” has had them made grievously

and mysteriously heavy, by the apprehension that they might be marks of Divine displeasure, and bitter fruits of particular offences; and how happily, as the soothing anodyne to this feeling, does our Liturgy lead us to seek to “put our whole trust and confidence” in God’s “mercy!”
—3rd December, 1830.

XLVIII.

As a person would not be diverted at, nor indeed bear with, a pleasantry that contained what was slanderous or hurtful to a dear friend, so it must be want, not of any right feeling, but of a right regulation and balance in our feelings, that can make us be diverted at any thing wrong. I remember Archbishop Brodrick.—22nd November, 1830.

XLIX.

What a very delightful reflection it is, and how enlarging to the human mind and heart, that while, as poor weak mortals, any good we may have it in our power to do to our fellow-creatures can

our quiet ways for your aunt's feelings, which would make it almost peculiarly desirable to come here; and I do not think (might I not say, under God, *certainly?*) there are any grounds for fear of personal injury or alarm from the state of the country, which, thank God, immediately about here continues quiet: indeed all places are now in some degree disturbed. Dear M., do suggest every thing persuasively affectionate for us to all our mourning friends. Almighty God, we are taught, still has the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord; and with Him the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity: how then (under existing circumstances) can we but give him "humble thanks, that he has been "pleased literally to deliver our very dear "J—— out of the miseries of this sinful "world?" and shall we not thankfully and joyfully look to those mercies and aids, now advancing his benign intentions to us here, and for us all hereafter; that "when we shall depart this life, we may

“rest in him,” as our hope is the dear departed spirit just released now does? With every affectionate and earnest prayer for your happiness and direction, and for the support and consolation of our afflicted affectionate friends, ever, with tenderest love and continual devout thought for you, your most faithful and affectionate father,

IRWINE WHITTY.

XVIII.

TO MRS. W. P.

Golden, January 7, 1832.

SISTER DEAR,

WHY should I not write to you? Under any circumstances, I know my letters would be interesting, though they might be painful to you and your present only companion—how much more so in these times “of trouble, of rebuke, and of “blasphemy;” in which, I most humbly thank God, I am permitted to give you, on the whole, good accounts of my own im-

mediate family, though I must mention some things painful to those very dear to us both. You can hardly have heard yet, that it has pleased God to remove, or rather to release, poor J——, J——'s youngest daughter, from this scene of trial; where however, of His infinite mercy and goodness, her sufferings were not long nor severe. You know—or rather I am glad you do not know—how gradually and insensibly consumption, even reducing a person to the lowest weakness, steals them away from their friends; and how long we cling to the idea, that the cord is not to be broken, because what is suspended is kept by some fibre from falling: but indeed the decay of our dear J—— has been rapid, and, except her poor father, every one else, myself among the rest, who saw her the end of September, expected she was soon to be called away from us. She bore her decline with patience and religious resignation; had not, I am most thankful to say, much pain, none violent,

except for a very short time, before angels, as I trust, conveyed her “to Abraham’s bosom;” and though her nights were often sleepless, she expressed herself as spending her hours tranquilly in them, and repeatedly said she was happy; thankful and grateful for all attention she received from her family and friends, but undisturbed at the idea of leaving them. Her sister E * * * *’s marriage took place the 27th of last December, and from feeling for all parties, we, joined by our dear M——, thought it right and kind to comply with the request, that H—— should take her to the wedding; and with our consent M—— remained to take care of her aunt and J——, and had the affecting task, or pleasure, of soothing poor J——’s last illness. Most happily the archdeacon, whom business might have unavoidably called home, was at Cove, and sent for his sons to attend the funeral, as her remains are to be interred there. How little did I think, when I looked at

Mr. Wolfe's tomb there, (some of whose touching poetry so accurately expressed my feelings on beholding the lifeless form of my precious son,) that near him was yet to be placed the remains of one so dear to us all——But “the night is far spent, the “*day* is at hand:” may we (and whom do I with more animating congeniality call upon than yourselves?) “cast off the works “of darkness, and put upon us the armour “of light!” Every day I more and more distinctly see!—O may I really feel and enjoy! (enjoy one must)—that Christianity is the gift of privileges and means for acquiring real goodness; the one pursuit that cannot disappoint, the one enjoyment that cannot fail. “The sting of death is sin.” All is done for us to blunt and remove this sting; and we will look to passing through the grave and gate of death to our joyful resurrection; we will humbly and thankfully trust and pray, that with our dear friends, God's faithful servants, “departed “this life in his faith and fear, we may

“be partakers of his heavenly kingdom.” When shall we dwell upon these topics, “and never weary grow, of antedating “bliss below?” How should I rejoice, with the best permission, to see you here again! Sometimes I walk along, imagining myself—how will you smile—with you two leaning upon me—no, but weak me leaning with the greatest satisfaction upon both of you. You would be gratified to hear the young people so often, at the pleasantest times, (for pleasant times, O thank God, we often still have,) wishing only that you shared in them, and dwelling upon the pleasant perspective, where you appear at the extremity of the vista of the days that lead to next summer. I do think, should God be pleased to permit, it would do me good to see you: how many things have I to tell you, how much to consult W***** about!—but let me stop, only adding, I wish you at all knew, yet I think you in some degree imagine, how I commune with you, absent only in

body, present in spirit. Remember your representative trees have revived, and are watched with affectionate amusement by us all. We think it possible poor E. may come here, bringing M. on her way from Cove, where, after to-morrow, there can be no inducement to remain ; but indeed, having heard but once since the melancholy event, when poor E. was very ill, we cannot but be anxious about her—she is really patient and resigned.

Thursday, 19th^h.

Alas ! I wrote the former part of this letter some days ago, and see how slow I have been in doing what I ought to have applied myself to with a sort of feeling of duty, however annoying to my indolence ; but I think I have something interesting now to tell you by the delay. Finding the archdeacon and family could not make this their way from Cove, I went last Monday to meet the poor things in Limerick on their way, and as I thought to re-

^h Six days before his death.

ceive my M., and bring her home ; but finding poor dear E. &c., instead of going, as they at first intended, direct to Kilrush, were going home, how could I let her go by herself? and dear, kind, pleasant M. (you know Archbishop Brodrick had a Mary) being most ready to go, I made her accompany her aunt, and returned home *alone* yesterday, to the great disappointment of the party here.

I think you would say we did right, or rather you need not say any thing about it till we meet—till we meet—meet, (for I cannot but dwell upon this thought,) please God, next summer. O how many things have I to tell, to ask you ! Will you not think of it ? But to come back : our friends bear their great loss—for great it really is—as you could wish : easily affected, but quite submissive and resigned, and not indulging unnecessary grief. E. is very weak, but on the whole better than I expected ; and they were obliged to make four days' journey in getting home from

Cove. After remaining at home a few days, they proceeded to Kilrush, where my father seems quite pleased at the thoughts of receiving E. to visit her daughter M.; and from whence, in the course of a few days we hope to get our M. to us again, having, as I trust, affectionately done her duty.

Sister dear, there is something peculiarly wonderful, and deeply interesting, in the idea of the other new state of existence, in which those departed from earth *now are*; how employed among themselves, how devoted still and in communion with their God and Saviour and Sanctifier; how in some degree perhaps connected still in heart, nay receiving intelligence about us. Perhaps the other world is much more closely connected with this than many think; perhaps the separation is rather invisibility than distance, rather change of circumstance than of place: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise" contains much. Departed spirits are said in Scripture to "appear" rather than to *come*.

Shall we not yet speak of these things ; you kindly checking my thoughts, when they seem to get into the too thin atmosphere of imagination, and W. giving us additional information ? I am sure if I could be sure of meeting you, it would quicken my exertion and prayers to correct disagreeable faults, and to seek to grow in the good, that is, the really agreeable qualities, which true religion points out and infuses.

Still, I thank “the Author of peace and “lover of concord,” since I began to write this letter, we remain quiet, amidst fears and rumours. I am most thankful to say we have received no personal assault or insult ; but poor Williams’s house was fired into about a fortnight ago, when a notice to “hurl the tithes out of the parish” was posted at the turnpike. Could I explain it, you would agree with me, that the shots were fired *only* with intent to terrify ; and you will be equally pleased and surprised, and with me thankful, to hear, that I have

been hitherto paid more than I expected ; so that, except parting with a man-servant, and some little privations, we have suffered no real inconvenience. We are still trying as much as in us lies to live peaceably with all men, and to cultivate unaffected kindness, which you know will meet us at least in the other world ; and which I think in some small degree prevents asperities, under God's guidance and influence, around us ; and I am glad to say, that I do not think there is any disinclination to receive any religious *uncontroverted* suggestion from a clergyman. But, alas ! how much false smoothness, as I am well aware there may be——We will hope all things.

It just occurred to me, whether I ought to send this lengthened scribble ; but how could I write it all over again ? and would it be certain it would be better, either composed or written ? But you have me as I am. I only wish you had exactly some of the conversations I hold with you over the

jewellery of plants sparkling with dew ; or among the notes of birds, who, like angels of God, bear in their notes, as on their wings, his praise. Did I tell you that I spent four days at B— ? indeed delighted, really delighted.—Lady B. every thing her venerated father could have wished her. Lord B. greatly to be liked, encouraging every thing good. See what meetings in Dublin ! I trust to the glory of God, and spread of Divine truth, the only help for a misguided, sinful world. Sister dear, I openly speak of the necessity of goodness—the Gospel scheme, the Divine expedient—to make the world as happy as its nature will permit, by making men as good as the Divine influence engages to effect.—Religion not really practical, I had almost said not *internal*, is no religion—will not be found so “IN THAT DAY.” O that you and those you love (me and mine among the rest) may be made—*good* ! Is not this “the power of God unto salvation ?” Shall we not converse on these things ?

Did I say how often we all think and speak of you? Poor M. A.'s head is often very bad. Alas! the loss of poor J. has pressed heavily. The dear girls, no longer little, really love you. "How Aunt Helen would "enjoy this!" is a sort of test of something to be liked; and, as I told you, the "Aunt "Helen Rose" is always viewed with delight. Sister dear, love to our dear sister; you often hear from her and aunt Bess H * * * *. My father, thank God, is well. With every loving regard for W., ever, in heart and spirit,

Your affectionate

I. W.

XIV.

TO W. P. ESQ.

Golden, Jan. 23, 1832.

* * * *

WE are all pretty well, and, under Divine Providence, unmolested; but they are alarming times. *Our cause, I trust, is good.* Is not "God our hope and trust?"

“*therefore* will we not fear;” and we profess to follow a suffering Master. That every inward and outward protection may be yours and your dear family’s, is the affectionate prayer of, yours most faithfully,

I. W.

XX.

TO THE COUNTESS OF L*****.

MY DEAR LADY L.

YOUR Ladyship’s most welcome, and, as usual, most kind letter, should have been answered without delay, but for the expected opportunity which has arrived of sending an answer by my son, who leaves us for a few days to attend college examinations; and who, I know, is anxious to send this *upon the wings of some wild fowl*. You will be pleased to hear that poor Mrs. Whitty is pretty well, though a late melancholy event (yet, why should I call it so?) has called up many painful recollections, and given her great uneasiness about her poor delicate mourning sister.

Perhaps you may recollect to have seen my poor departed niece, and will join in thankfulness to the "Father of mercies," and God of all comfort, for having been pleased, most quietly and with little suffering, to remove the dear creature, "in his faith and fear," quite resigned even after sleepless nights, which we wish to feel humbly thankful were yet, as she herself said, tranquil and happy.

How much consolation is conveyed to surviving friends, who are permitted to treasure up the recollection of the departed having said, while her father read prayers, "That does me good." Great, no doubt, are the mysteries of devotion as connected with "*the mystery of godliness*;" and may we not humbly trust that *new* and trying situations, whether of "tribulation or weal, "at the hour of death, or in the day of "judgment," will but reveal and develope to the believing soul *new* wonders of the almighty and redeeming power and grace, and goodness and aid, which has wrought

for us and with us in so many trying and mysterious circumstances of this temporary existence already.—If our praise is always of Him, who, having brought us into existence, has, especially in the way of salvation, held us up ever since we were born, knowing more and more in whom we have believed, and persuaded that He is able to keep that which we commit unto Him, (whether our eternal interests, or perishable, yet renewable frame,) shall we not humbly rest upon the conviction that, with aids suitable to the new sphere of existence and trying emergency, we shall, with enlarged perceptions of Divinely-working grace and power, “walk through “the valley of the shadow of death, and “fear no evil;” nay, find in the process, as well as in the blessed final result, by supports and views and convictions bringing us through, and raising us above, all condemning fears and harassing doubts, animal weaknesses and spiritual dangers, how extensively applicable are the words

of the Lord of life, who holds the keys of Death and HADES, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but *is* passed from death unto life."

You know all this; but as I cannot but speak when I have the great pleasure of your Ladyship's society, so, I cannot but write upon that great subject on which I delight to think we thoroughly congenialize, and which I am more convinced, even since we parted, is (when practically received) more and more, not only interesting and important, but delightful.

Could I avoid, when I lately walked up alone on the broad walk from your garden, by the venerable oak, and met only a little child on the way, breathing a fervent prayer, with all humility, that not only myself and mine, but the possessors of the dwelling, guarded within and without in their absence, might all become as little

children in religious docility, purity of mind and heart, confiding dependence on their Saviour and their God—might grow in grace;—"might *so pass through things temporal, that they finally lose not the things eternal;*"—might arrive "through a joyful resurrection" (but, oh! be the first the resurrection from sin and the world!) at the many mansions of their Father's house, which *He* who is not ashamed to call us brethren has prepared for those that love Him!

I trust your Ladyship's and Lord L.'s health is more and more confirmed; and that we may again be permitted to look forward to your return to this country—this unhappy country, ever restless with some new confusion and violence. You know how many additional causes there are for uneasiness: I trust, amidst our perplexities, it will be seen, to the honour of religion and of the Church, that though the clergy may not "live of the temple, they *will* minister about holy things;"

and if not “partakers of the altar, will yet
“wait at the altar;” “though not living
“by the Gospel, will preach the Gospel.”
1 Cor. ix. 13, 14.

Be so good to present my best respects
and wishes to Lord L.; and believe me,
with our united best wishes and remem-
brances, most faithfully, respectfully, and
affectionately yours,

I. WHITTY.

Golden, Jan. 24.

XXI.

TO THE REV. T. LA T*****.

Golden, January 25, 1832¹.

MY DEAR MR. LA T.

It is really a great pleasure to me
to hear from you, especially when in these
awful times you are enabled to give good
accounts of the health and safety of your-
self and family: though your letter also
puts off to a remote period the pleasant
expectation of seeing you and Mrs. L.

¹ Written on the day of his death.

under our roof. Under that benign government and guidance that prevents and follows us (we will humbly trust as we pray) in all our doings with his most gracious favour, and furthers us with his continual help, we will still humbly indulge the hope, perhaps in better times, of enjoying your society. If I were not so much older than you, I would say, and please myself with saying, that we are suited for each other's (allow me to say) intimate acquaintance in many points; and I trust our closest friendship and most unreserved communications would be upon those matters which are most supremely interesting, and most, if not only deeply engaging; at least which give the finish to all other interests, and the glow of life, in its largest extent, to all that is good and pleasurable.

In these days of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy, how thankful should we be for being led to depend on something, by the mercy and bounty of our God and

Saviour, which cannot, does not disappoint ! In the trials under which we are placed, there is surely a quicker perception of the excellency of the objects of faith, and of the mighty concerns of eternity ; and trusting that our national Church is still a depository of saving faith, a channel of pure devotion, and a combination of very many holy administrations of divine things, we will trust to benefiting by the present obloquy and violence—May it be for righteousness' sake that we are persecuted, and then we shall only receive the blessing, that here, as well as hereafter, (as our blessed Saviour has spoken,) *ours* will be the kingdom of heaven. Let us not “ think it strange concerning any fiery “ trial,” individually or publicly, “ which is “ to try us, as though some strange thing “ happened unto us : but rejoice, inasmuch “ as we are partakers of Christ’s suffer- “ ings ; that, when his glory shall be re- “ vealed, we all may be glad with exceed- “ ing joy.” Your expressions encourage

me to encourage you (if I may presume so to speak) in this manner. How often do I think of Archbishop Brodrick's constant inculcation of our Saviour's words, so full of obligation and encouragements, combining our vigilance with Divine aid, *Watch and pray*. I have only time to say, pray remember me (with the best thanks of Mrs. W. and my family, for the kind and flattering attention when we were in Dublin) most respectfully and (I feel greatly inclined to say) affectionately to your excellent mother. May you meet each other as you wish; and every expected or pleasant meeting among us all be but figures and anticipations of the enjoyment in the world of meeting! With our united good wishes for yourself, Mrs. L., and your children and mother,

Ever most sincerely

and cordially yours,

IR. WHITTY.

Alas! excuse hurry, that plague and fault.

MEDITATIONS.

reach but a very small way—prayer may extend benefits under the infinite Hearer, Acceptor, Creator, and Communicator, that may extend to all mankind and to all eternity!—23rd November, 1830.

L.

What a curious exemplification of the operation of any sort of human faith is afforded by an almanac! which men receive, not knowing by whom it is arranged, nor how they calculate, nor whether the same care is observed each year in the calculation and compilation; and yet they depend upon it, and are directed by it in very important matters, whether respecting the heavenly bodies or things on earth, whether respecting navigation, intercourse, or religious observances.—28th November, 1830.

L.I.

How should I be humbled under the sense of the often uncharitableness of my charity—the manner spoiling the gift!—18th January, 1831.

G

LII.

If the greatness and value of a gift is exceedingly heightened by the sense of the giver having purchased it for us with a great expense of labour and feeling, and raised to the highest pitch by a manifestation of love in the giver; how should we value that salvation which is a free gift of most invaluable benefit, purchased for us by the humiliation, death, and merits of the Son of God, and stamped with His divine love for us!—16th February, 1831.

LIII.

From remarking the undeniable coexistence, as in the case of Lord Byron, of great genius and some virtuous qualities, with shocking sins and profligacy; how readily do men appear, by their manner of speaking, to be sliding into the notion or feeling, that the genius or amiableness neutralized to the miserable person himself his vices, profligacy, and wretchedness!

LIV.

In the act and ceremony of conferring any high office, especially when internal power is communicated, (e. g. consecration of Bishops,) I see as it were the hand of Providence conducting the detail, and moving all the springs which have led to this final act.—20th March, 1831.

LV.

It seems as if faith is the leading and predominant quality of our spiritual life on earth, hope in Hades, and love in heaven.—20th March, 1831.

LVI.

It would not seem incredible nor contemptible, that a man, very accomplished in all matters of politics and learning, and having some secret communication by letter with a person high in power, might influence movements in the state, (though he lived in a poor garret, and unknown,) bearing upon the welfare and happiness of all; and shall it seem incredible, that an accomplished private Christian's prayer,

which his heavenly Father has promised to hear and to grant for his beloved Son's sake, shall have a secret, but benign influence in society, because he is unknown except to Him who heareth in secret, and to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth?—26th March, 1831.

LVII.

Feeling ourselves at all inclined to any thing good, ought to be alike a cause of humility and gratification; for we may say to ourselves with St. Paul, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" and where can the good inclination, or bending and biassing of our minds and hearts be from, but from Him "from whom all good things do come?"—7th April, 1831.

LVIII.

What a reflexion, what a comfort it is, if really entered into, that the Spirit of God is *ever ready* to grant each application, at all times, in all places, under all expressions, when we sincerely, even silently ask it; under temptation, in society,

in solitude, in haste, in the crowd, on the journey, in our meals, in our pure recreations and enjoyments, and our very mirth. O may this ever-ready Spirit, in all things thus direct and rule our hearts!—16th April, 1831.

LIX.

The maintenance and sounding forth of truth and salvation in the established Church, even amidst an overwhelming Popish population, may yet call forth any similar truths and saving efficacy which remains in the Romish Church : as sounding a musical instrument draws out, by a sympathetic power, the tones from similar instruments in the same place. Perhaps we of the Church of Ireland are at present intended to be lamps shining in a dark place, or as *φωστῆρες* ; and it is evident in that case our real business, for others as well as for ourselves, is, to “ trim the lamps,” and “ to let our light shine.”—21st April, 1831.

LX.

One mighty act of Deity called us out

LXIII.

When we are really and practically under the blessed system of resisting temptations, whether to what is externally or internally wrong, and of promptly and gladly turning to God in Christ, for aid to resist, and to “quench the fiery darts of “the wicked one,” or to stand under galling vexations and contradictions, evil is thus made only an occasion of approach closer and closer, and firmer and firmer, to what is good; we are not only attracted towards God by the excellence and loveliness of goodness, but driven to Him by whatever is evil; we are driven *from* evil and driven *to* good, as we are drawn to good and drawn from evil. O, how blessed to understand any thing of God’s bringing good out of evil!—24th April, 1831.

LXIV.

How was it, that this lovely morning early, the flight of the bird that winged its way, swiftly, straight forward, undeviatingly, smoothly, from the mountain

towards me, facing the sun, and rapidly passing over whole earthly tracts, on its azure lofty way, so calmed and elevated me? I trust no repining wish dictated the expression, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest! I would make haste to escape, because of the stormy wind and tempest."—28th April, 1831.

LXV.

Let all but unite in faith and love, then the more we part, the more we have to meet: the more are gone, the more are gone before.—30th April, 1831.

LXVI.

The exercise of thankfulness, especially towards those who we know can fairly appreciate its reality and sincerity and warmth, is admitted, I believe by all, to be a peculiar and pleasant exercise of our feelings; uniting sense of benefit in ourselves with consciousness of being regarded by others. And might we not be more sensible of, and make more use, as I may say,

mercy, goodness, bounty, and happiness, through means not thine own, by an agency anticipating all thou couldst think, or desire, or effect?—9th May, 1831.

LXVIII.

Is it not the secret of practical Christianity, continually to apply the greatest principles and best feelings to the smallest things? See how the world is continually applying low principles to great things!—17th May, 1821.

LXIX.

To the soul once really brought to fight the good fight of faith, in practically combating sin, the least occurrence of temptation will be felt at length as a warning to use the portion of resistance and defence; as a call for humility, lest we should rely at all upon our own strength, as if able to guard against the second assault, if the first was yielded to; as a repellent from danger, and an impellent to God and holiness. O happy they, who faithfully thus use even the least temptation!—27th May, 1831.

LXX.

When one feels, or is made by Him who formed our feelings to feel, the pleasure of putting a worm from the hot gravel-walk on the cool sod, how is benevolent pleasure thus taught and established!—1st June, 1831.

LXXI.

If we are actually under the exercise, (painful though it may be,) by godly sufferings and resignation, and endurance and self-denial, of taking up the cross and following Christ, let us comfort ourselves that we are then actually in possession of the privilege of bearing and glorying in the cross of Christ; of following and proceeding in the way that leadeth to eternal life; when we feel the weight of a treasure, we know we have the treasure—when we taste the bitterness and acridness of a medicine, we are assured it is given for our cure.—2d June, 1831.

LXXII.

As it is a great matter, both for himself

and for society, that a man should pass from a state of outward filthiness, or even slovenliness, to exact outward order and cleanliness of dress, and yet it is a well-known fact, that some who have done so, even to display of dress, are deficient in accurate neatness of the flesh ; so, though a man may pass from vileness of conversation, or wilful cultivation of impure thought and objects, to even accurate regulation of his words, up to expressing in manner disapprobation of any violation of the purity of conversational intercourse, and the encouragement of voluntary vile imagination ; (and good it is for himself, and well, evidently for the world, if he does so ;) yet still there might be an inward bias to what is sensual, a secret, occasional, though almost unintentional harbouring of illicit ideas, from book, or object, or talk, which it is clear would deprive the man of the delight of purity in himself, and of any title to it before the Holy One ; and Divine grace can alone (we using all pos-

sible and imaginable watchfulness) bestow the real, consistent, tranquil, blessed purity, the brilliant precious gift of a clean heart. "Make me a clean heart, O God!"
—3rd June, 1831.

LXXIII.

From the very nature of their occupation, employed about goodness, which is expected to appear in themselves, and their most important duties and influence being those which have least publicity, the clergy are likely to be and are judged with peculiar scandal and severity: they are the only class whose human infirmities cause others to reflect upon the whole body, and even upon religion and goodness itself; and their most valuable influence and actions being in connexion with men's most private moments, and even thoughts, are little likely, indeed scarcely *can* call forth much public approbation. If a physician or lawyer is immoral, it casts no odium on his profession, his greatest efficiency calls him into public notice. Should

he write a valuable book, or make an oratorical display, it has multitudes to consent and congenialize; but the most pious book is least likely to be read, and the most touching discourse of the clergy will be tasteless or offensive to the majority, and unwearied exertion in attendance and prayer on the most helpless will be generally unknown. The clergy therefore are the most open to human attack, and should therefore most diligently and faithfully seek and rely upon the Divine protection and aid. To them eminently would apply, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"
—July 6th, 1831.

LXXIV.

It is under any lively and practical sense of our own unholiness and unworthiness to address and approach God, that we proportionably feel the value of having a Mediator perfectly holy, harmless, without sin.—13th July, 1831.

LXXV.

Perhaps as any one becomes more and

more practically and internally religious, the sense and pleasure of the presence of God will be more and more constant and gratifying: first thought of and felt in private and public prayer; then amidst useful, convenient, and remarkable occurrences; then very often also in solitude; at length scarcely ever absent.—19th July, 1831.

LXXVI.

As there are not only sometimes particularly fertile seasons, but it is also remarked that there are periods in those seasons peculiarly calculated for growth and fertility; so I think it will be found there are times in the blessed cultivation of a Christian life, when good thoughts spring up, and good habits may be advanced and strengthened with peculiar facility and progress.—19th July, 1831.

LXXVII.

It is those, it is perhaps only those, who are really using religion for the purpose of subduing sin, and who are going on unto

perfection, that really know the nature and comfort of “the blood of Christ cleansing from all sin;” for it is exercising its real efficacy upon them, of cleansing them from the guilt and defilement of sin.—29th July, 1831.

LXXVIII.

I think I feel that we may and should cultivate the expectation of meeting friends again in the recognizable glorified likeness, (Oh my son and sister dear!) not as an insulated contemplation, but as now making up by anticipation for, and perfecting all the disappointments of meeting, or the imperfection of meetings now—as rectifying every virtuous meeting we long for, or can think of now.—23d August, 1831. Kilrush.

LXXIX.

What a privilege and what a comfort it would be felt to be in life, if at any moment in any outward difficulty or need, advice, help, refreshment, could be not only readily but instantly resorted to, while

so stored up for us, and ministered to us as not to be liable to the uncertainties of our keeping and management ! And how piously and thankfully should we, at the moment we are actually under any pain, engaged in any debate, or difficulty, or danger ; under any mental or nervous debility or pressure ; subject to violence or deceit, or any kind of present temptation ; actually ask God, through Christ, by his Spirit, *then* to teach, to support, to guide us or others ; to instruct, to impress, to convince ! thus to give us of the ever-ready waters of life, to grant his Spirit to them that ask, to guide us by his counsel, to be present with us, and in us to operate !—23d August, 1831. Kilrush.

LXXX.

However bad superstition and enthusiasm may be and are, they are but excesses and exorbitancies ; and men, even well meaning men, should not speak of them, as they too often do, to the encouragement of the irreligious and unspiritual,

with the same alarm and disgust that they should speak of infidelity and unfeelingness.—6th Sept. 1831.

LXXXI.

What an affecting, touching, applicable complaint, “No man cared for his soul!”
—Castle Bernard, 1st Oct. 1831.

LXXXII.

Habitual reading of God’s word is invaluable even in this respect, that from thence often seem to spring up, like seeds that had seemed to be lost, good thoughts, out of the bottom of the mind we know not how, of which we have no distinct recognition in the memory.—5th Oct. 1831.

LXXXIII.

If it is our actions that are to shew and prove we are actuated by the principles and laws of the Gospel, the manner of doing them is to prove, and is the test, whether we are actuated by the temper and disposition of Christ.—12th Oct. 1831.

LXXXIV.

It is by continually looking to and

making observations on the heavens, that the most skilful mariner most safely performs his voyage; and without doing so could not pass through the waves of this troublesome world, nor reach the haven where he would be.—14th Oct. 1831.

LXXXV.

The right, that is, the scriptural faith in God the Father, as the Source of being, goodness, and happiness, and its application to our hearts and conduct; in God the Son, the Dispenser of mercy, and its application to our gratitude and motives; in God the Holy Ghost, the efficient cause of holiness and peace, and its application to our cure and happiness; would be found, if sincerely and piously cultivated, forming such an harmonious system, so satisfactory to the mind, ameliorative of the heart, and directive of the inner and outer man; each part so corrective of and perfective of each other and of the whole, that the distinctness of the persons, and the unity of the Godhead, would seem to

be continually more and more spiritually familiar and practically true.—Nov. 1, 1831.

LXXXVI.

As the Christian world must, and will, be ready to allow there can be no real virtue without faith, may we not as decidedly say, there is no real faith without virtue? To settle the degree and kind of it is another thing; but at least there must be decided hostility to sin in every shape, and adoption of every principle and habit of goodness that is presented.—2nd November, 1831.

LXXXVII.

The heart sincerely devoted to purity and goodness in the sight of its God and Saviour and Sanctifier, and that has really been gifted and trained and confirmed in the love of what is pure and good, is, we may humbly think, no more guilty in the sight of God by the assault of what is evil upon it, which it constantly turns to God to repel, nor contaminated by some remaining tendency of our corrupt natures

to receive it, which it instantly laments and resists and turns from, than the real lover of outward order and neatness is contaminated by accidental contact with any thing vile or offensive, which he immediately repairs to the running stream to wash away, and shakes the hand, and constantly washes it, to which it would otherwise adhere.—3rd November, 1831.

LXXXVIII.

He who is mainly and habitually intent upon, and striving for, and is making some happy progress in growing in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, by increasing victory over sin, and advance in goodness, will always have an interesting employment going on, out of the reach of the external evils of this world ; nay, not unfrequently, at the very time of some outward distress, or even inward affliction, some success or advance will be found in what is most valuable, which will be like a blessed compensation and comfort, and will satisfy him that his

grand concern is gaining ground.—4th November, 1831.

LXXXIX.

What a beautiful instance of the providential educing of good from evil is afforded by the increase of cleanliness, order, sobriety of mind, and sense of God's power and guardianship, which takes place now under the apprehension of the cholera morbus!—10th November, 1831.

XC.

It came over my mind with great force, that I was to see the Bishop of L——, (now, I trust, recovering,) but that it was to be ONLY in the NEXT world. Wonderful to think that all our circumstances now may be impediments to our meeting here, and preparations, if I may presume to hope it, for meeting hereafter.—18th November, 1831.

XCI.

Our future state, and the other world at first when it seriously engages our minds, presents itself as a sort of revi-

sionary business and remote region. It then gradually becomes a present but separate business from the things of this world, connected with a country with which we are connected by privilege and grant. Gradually, as it seems, it connects itself with all we think or do, and becomes our continual present concern, and a region of constant interest and communication. At length it becomes the engrossing and universally regulating and satisfactory business, the element we breathe, the region in which we spiritually dwell, the kingdom which has come as it were to us, and which we only require to be disembarassed from the grossness of the body fully to appreciate and congenialize with and enjoy.—December 14, 1831.

XCII.

In this present probationary and sanative state of existence, with the process of the passage bodiless into Hades, and the prospect of heavenly felicity in body and soul before us, we are like sick persons

fevered and restless under medicine, who pass into a sound sleep, in which the body seems dead ; out of which, the crisis taking place, they rise refreshed—the cure certain.—December 17, 1831.

XCIII.

The knowledge which the good God has given us of Himself and his good-will, and the extension of his laws, and the operation of his Spirit upon us, through all the opposing obstacles of flesh and blood and matter, and unworthiness and alienation from Him, rendering the actings of faith difficult, and the sense of his presence and influence obscure, and as if remote, should but elevate our admiration and gratitude for his boundless love and expansive goodness and mercy, and all-pervading energy, and illimitable influence and presence, as the extension of a monarch's laws, proclamations, and government into the most remote, barren, rebellious, ignorant, seemingly unapproachable provinces of his empire, prove his

mightiness, wisdom, and benevolence.—
December 17, 1831.

XCIV.

What is death but another of God's methods of letting us into and shewing us another of God's worlds?

XCV.

There is always a prospect of solution by death of every difficulty that can present itself to the mind.—January 2, 1832.

XCVI.

As it is quite plain, that, if the trade of England be one great cause of its wealth, whatever bears upon the purity, knowledge, and management of commercial dealings, must be of great importance; is it not equally plain and certain, that if religion, as taught and communicated by Christianity, is, under God, the health and safety of the state, the right state of religion, conveyed through the Church instead of popery, must be of immense value?—January 4th, 1832.

XCVII.

Suppose at some delightful show of

flowers, or musical meeting, in a foreign country, where one had recovered one's health, one met some dear friend, attracted there, and enjoying himself and congenializing with us therein, is not this something the same sort of delight which must be felt at meeting each other in another world, scarcely at first recognising each other, from improved countenances of health and peace and glory?—January 10, 1832.

XCVIII.

Would it not seem that pulmonary consumption, to which young persons are so liable, (alas! my son!) is exactly the sort of complaint which, by giving dissatisfaction in the body, and generally distaste to earthly things and connexions, without either distracting bodily pain or loss of senses, and with still an idea generally of living, is just the sort of complaint to make them in a short time learn that view, and acquire that feeling, which prepares them for better things?—January 10, 1832.

XCIX.

Men, in the different situations in this

life, seem something like passengers and sailors working their way in a ship to some common happy possession in another country; where when they arrive, and each at different moments reaches the shore, it is of no consequence whether one had held the helm, another pulled a rope or boxed the compass. Having worked their passage, all are united in a new country and new mode of life.—January 10, 1832.

C.

Where is what is spiritual, holy, and eternal to be found at all satisfactorily developed and treated of but in the Scriptures, or in books whose substance is directly or indirectly drawn from them? When in the writings of antiquity we find any thing really religious, is it not derived from the Scriptures, like grains of gold-dust rolled down amidst the sand and mud of rivers, like sparkling stars breaking through the dark and flitting clouds of an overcast night?—January 12, 1832.

CI.

The afflicting wonder which seizes upon

the really religious mind, and oppresses the heart, not merely at the existence of so much evil and misery in the world, but at men's retaining and adhering to so much, which they are actually given encouraging and certain and divine means to remedy, is surely, in some degree, what is conveyed in the expressions of divine and heavenly benevolence deploring certain misery, and now irremediable ruin. "O Jerusalem," &c.—January 12, 1832.

CII.

In how many ways is the believing soul by convictions and results in mind and heart taught, that by Christianity God has done every thing, under the limitations only of his own Divine infinite arrangements, that could be done, to bring man to God's love and service, to his own duty and holiness?—January 20, 1832.

CIII.

Surely God and all divine things are lovely, most lovely in themselves, loveable by all that can know and feel them, loved by those who truly believe in and serve God.

While the doctrines of Christianity may, and in various ways do, and in a certain sense must, lead and constrain the fair mind to adore and admire, and value and believe the love and mercy, and kindness and holiness of God in himself and towards us, it is most surely the love of Christ himself, not only in his doings for us and in us, or towards us, but the love of Christ in the loveliness of his divine qualities and in the touching beauty and perfection of his human nature, and in the assimilation of our inward character to Him, and the consequent enjoyment of a Christ-like happiness and nature with Him in the Spirit, that can really make us truly love God and goodness.—January 21, 1832, four days before his death.



